

COLLIER'S WEEKLY

AN ILLUSTRATED
JOURNAL OF



ART LITERATURE &
CURRENT EVENTS



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ADMIRAL CERVERA

WHOSE FLEET WAS DESTROYED NEAR SANTIAGO, SUNDAY, JULY 3
(From his latest photograph)

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COMMODORE WATSON'S cruise promises to be so conspicuous in future history that in addition to bullets, bombs, projectiles, and portable earthquakes, provision for snapshots should be included. Official despatches are all very well, press reports are better, special articles better still. But however excellent these things may jointly and severally be, they are insufficient. They don't stir the pulse. They are remote. They lack the actuality of the visible. Bulletins of battles are exceeded in dullness only by chronicles of crime. Thiers' account of Marengo provides a yawn with every line. In Creasy there is the student, not the seer. Michelet was that. He was the great somnambulist of history. Yet even with visions for assistants he could not display a fight. In his prose there is sorcery, he had a crucible for inkstand, on the tip of his pen there were touches luminous as the gleam of quick knives. But in his pages you never meet the soldiers wheeling down to death. There is the rumble of battle and the smoke of it, not the fight itself. The defect is natural. He was not there. Even otherwise, there has yet to appear a writer who can smear sentences with real gore and send bullets whizzing through his copy. In addition, then, to grape and canister, Commodore Watson should take a cinematograph along. In this neighborhood the man with soul so dead that he objects to taxes on his checks does not live. We are all willing enough to pay for the war. But we want our money's worth. We want to examine the article and enjoy it, too.

BARCELONA is particularly adapted for the purposes of Commodore Watson's enterprise. His entrance there, cinematographically displayed, would constitute a spectacle sufficiently superb to move even Professor Norton's peaceful heart. It would stir his memory, too. For Barcelona is variously famous. It is famous in literature, in legend, in lore and in love. It is famous in gastronomy also. There is a little sausage made there which may be confidently commended to the Commodore himself. Then there are the grapes on the neighboring hills. A wine is made from them which a temperance lecturer suffering from hydrophobia could not refuse. For diversions there are serenades and ambuscades. Among tourists the young ladies have been renowned for their fascinations ever since Alfred de Musset twanged a guitar to the blissfulness of his Andalouse. It may be assumed, though, that they were quite as attractive when Hamilcar Barca first came that way and gave the place its name. It is a matter of record that in later years they were the belles of Rome. Whether or not they had anything to do with the successive sieges to which the city has been subjected is uncertain. But they would show up well in a cinematograph. So would a bombardment. The last which occurred there was in 1842. On that occasion Espartero treated the place to a bath of fire. That was a long time ago. Its need of another is patent.

CAMARA'S odyssey continues to provide history with material of a quality which can only be described as first class. Partly chemical and partly chimerical, it has by turns been comic and coquettish, but always incomplete. It ought to be crowned. Presumably it will be. Castilian appreciation of any achievement, particularly when local and especially when imaginary, demonstrates such a lively sense of humor that one does not need to be a prophet to assume that this gentleman will get the Golden Fleece. He will deserve it, too. As some one very wisely remarked concerning the Garter, there is an order with none of the confounded nonsense of merit about it. But that is not its only charm. It is extremely decorative. The costume which goes with it beats the torreadors' hollow. It is the nicest thing in the world for a fancy ball. At any entertainment of that character which may occur in this city next winter one may assume that the young chaps who get back from Cuba will

parade in it with proper pride. The device on the collar, *Ante ferit quam flamma micat*—which, as every one knows, means that the foe is potted before he can cry Jack Robinson—will look as though the Rough Riders had invented it for themselves. It is worth noting that the outfit is so fine that some time ago, when Don Carlos pawned the one which he possessed, the proceeds enabled him to live in wicked luxury for an entire week. Totally apart from any such possibility as that, it ought to suit the Admiral down to the ground. Though his course be circuitous, he is straight as a string.

THE GOLDEN FLEECE was originated in an age mediaeval and remote. The founder was Philip of Burgundy. His object was manifest, but the incentive has been obscure. A German tried to find out what it was. He devoted the whole of his wretched life to the subject. On his deathbed he chattered Eureka. It had driven him insane. Students less pertinacious and possibly better equipped have asserted that the motive was wholly gallant. Philip, to his eternal shame be it recorded, paid addresses to twenty-four young women at a time. Then came the twenty-fifth. The latter was Ysabel of Portugal. Meanwhile, from each of the others he had obtained locks of hair. These he caused to be woven together into a sort of conglomerate souvenir. Through it there straggled an amber curl. The rest was black. The curl had come from the bright blonde head of Marie of Rumbrugge. The sheen of it delighted him. From it, from that little girl's empty pate, the idea of the Golden Fleece emerged. On the occasion of his marriage to Ysabel the order was instituted. Thirty knights were chosen. Whether he required that, like himself, they should be sans pudeur et avec reproches, history has neglected to state. What it does state is that coincidentally he exhibited to his bride a motto which ran *Aultre n'avray* (None but thee), and which he was very careful not to live up to. From the House of Burgundy the order passed to the Hapsburgs. There it split. To-day there are two of these decorations, one Austrian, the other Spanish, and no good and valid reason why Camara should not have both.

THE "Nouvelle Revue," in a recent issue, after indicating a belief that Europe is on the edge of a war which will give geography a famous twist, conveniently produces the prophecies of Napoleon. "Prussia," the Emperor announced in 1815, "will develop into a Germany reconstituted. But her existence will be brief. Anarchy will throw her back where she started from. Commercial and material supremacy will be divided between Russia, established in Constantinople, and England, mistress of Africa. France will not be effaced, but her role will be purely intellectual. Italy will become united. Austria will crumble and Spain, divested of her colonies, will become Portuguese." Why not United States? Napoleon could not discern the latent imperialism here. He may have foreseen Bismarck, perhaps Sagasta, it may be Chamberlain, certainly Garibaldi, but not Dewey, not Sampson, not the artificers of our bejeweled crown to be.

MR. HOWELLS has made a recent statement to the effect that New York is a mart where literature is on a plane with dry goods and that the upper-fourthome cares as much for the one as for the other. There is a cause for all things, there must be one for this. Literature used to be a dueling-ground. To-day it is a restaurant. A virtuous writer no longer pinks his rivals, he caters to the public. There is no *harm* in that. It is legitimate and commercial. But there are dishes for which his guests have acquired a sudden appetite and which he has neglected to prepare. There is no *olla podrida à la Roosevelt* on his menu, there are no fried bananas à la Sampson, and among his almonds and filberts there is not a *philopena* to be found. The jest is feeble, but the fact remains. New York society has recently beheld detachments of its bucks and beaux, a cigarette between their smiling teeth, waltzing to the tune of Mauser rifles through a cotillon macabre. What can interest it in comparison and what should? There is the opportunity for a form of literature different from what has been served, one which will take and, what is more, will take a century to die.

EMINENT AMERICANS ON THE PROPOSED
ALLIANCE WITH ENGLAND

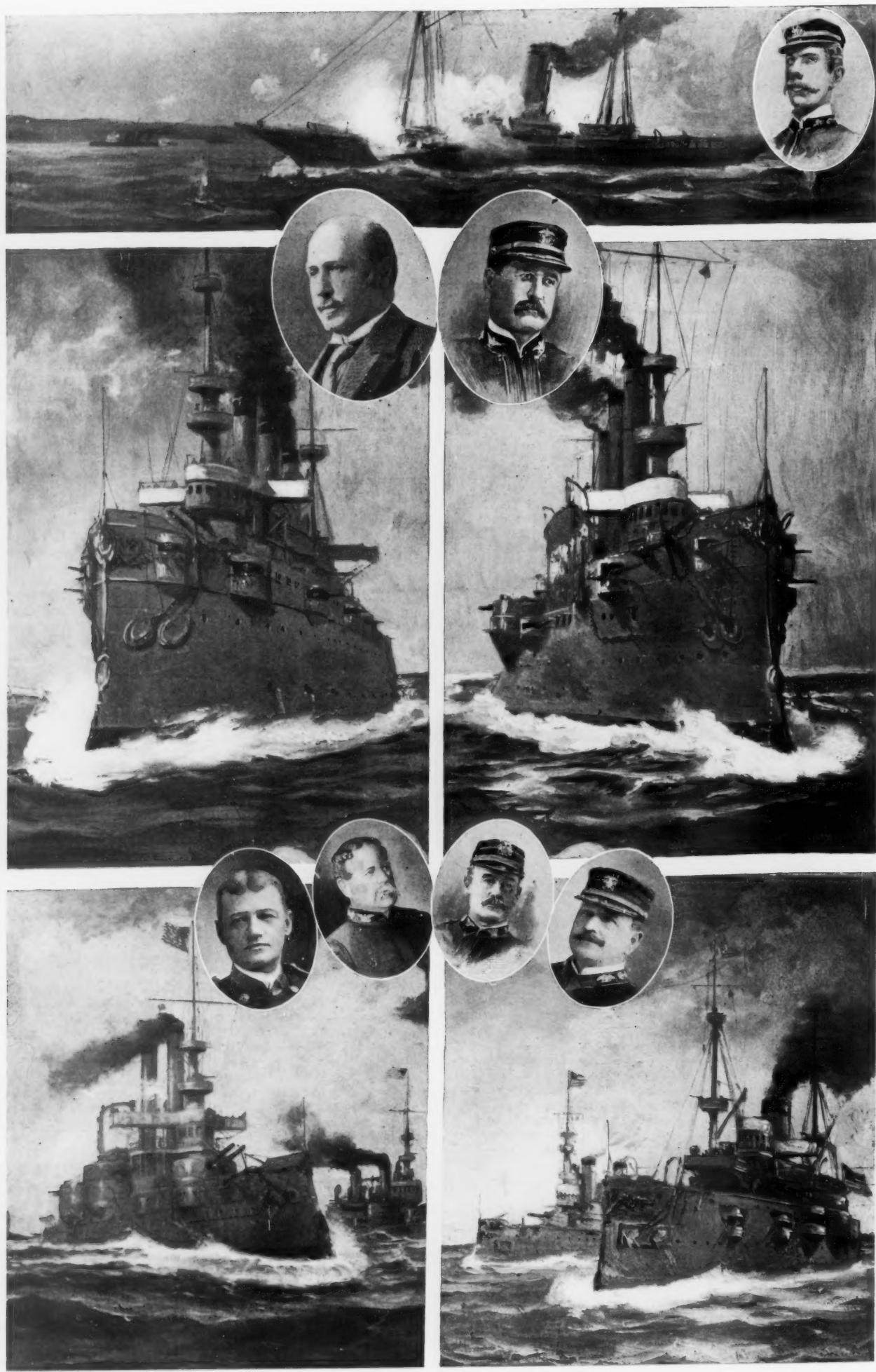
THE New York "Herald" has undertaken to elicit the opinions of conspicuous Americans touching the advisability of an alliance between the United States and Great Britain. Recently, it published interviews on the subject with Hon. Thomas F. Bayard, who was our Ambassador in London under the second Cleveland Administration; with Rear-Admiral Belknap, who, not long ago, was retired, but who, we understand, has been recalled to active service at his own request; with Hon. John W. Foster, who succeeded Mr. Blaine as Secretary of State in the Harrison Administration; and with United States Senator William P. Frye, a member of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations and president *pro tempore* of the Senate. Their remarks are worthy of some comment, especially as not one of these gentlemen, no matter how much friend-

ship he might profess for England, ventured to advocate the conclusion of an intimate alliance with her, or even indicated a belief that such a thing was probable. The truth is that the gushing persons, who talk as if an Anglo-American alliance were already an accomplished fact, have allowed their individual feelings to run away with them, and will presently discover that they possess no authority to commit the great body of their countrymen. None of the men, who are qualified to move and mold American political sentiment, has, as yet, sanctioned the idea of such a league, nor is any one likely to do so, except in unforeseen contingencies.

Poor Mr. Bayard, amid his dismal isolation in Wilmington, Del., is as much out of touch with the main currents of opinion and feeling on this side of the Atlantic as he was when he professed to represent us at the Court of St. James's. He gave the "Herald" interviewer the amazing information that England has always been our friend since we achieved our independence. She was our friend then, when, after the Peace of 1783, she persisted, for thirteen years, in retaining the posts on our Northwestern frontier, and stirred up against us the dangerous outbreak of the Indians in that region which cost us the defeat of our army under General St. Clair. Nor did she, it will be recalled, consent to surrender those posts, the possession of which was vital to the security of our borders, until, by our acceptance of the Jay Treaty, we had broken faith with France and alienated the old ally, to whose fleets, and armies, and pecuniary advances we owed the attainment of our liberties. Does Mr. Bayard discern another proof of England's friendship in the capture of the "Chesapeake" by a British frigate in time of peace, an outrage for which the British Government never consented to give an indemnity, or even an apology? Was it friendship which prompted the incessant impressment of our seamen, which finally drove us into the War of 1812? Or does Mr. Bayard discover evidence of the sympathy born of kinship in the savage devastation of our Federal capital, at the very time that Wellington, with chivalric magnanimity, was forbidding the Prussian Marshal Blucher to blow up the Pont de Jena at Paris? Was it amity that caused the British Government to prolong and aggravate to the verge of war the controversies concerning our Northeastern boundary and the Oregon frontier? Was it good will or ill will to the Union that led Lord Palmerston's Government to recognize the belligerency of the Southern Confederacy three months before the first battle of Bull Run, and before Charles Francis Adams, Mr. Lincoln's Minister to the Court of St. James's, who was hastening to protest against the measure, could even set his foot on British soil? Shall we ascribe to friendship the connivance or the negligence which permitted Confederate cruisers to be built and equipped in England and thus qualified to inflict injuries on our mercantile marine, for which the Geneva Award of fifteen million dollars was but a derisory compensation? No, Mr. Bayard does not adduce any of these performances as proofs of England's amity, but he says vaguely that there have been many acts on her part of wise and friendly statesmanship which have borne good fruits. Of these alleged many acts, however, he is able to specify but one, and this he finds, strange to say, in the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, which was denounced by Secretary Frelinghuysen as void, on the ground that England had broken the very agreement which was the consideration for the treaty, the agreement, namely, not to acquire any extension of territory in Central America. As a matter of fact, by successive encroachments upon Spanish-American neighbors, she has converted some settlements of woodcutters into the extensive crown colony of Belize. The violation of England's pledge in that particular is all that we have to show for the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, which, if we should acknowledge its validity, would give England equal rights with ourselves over the Nicaragua Canal, which is to be built at our expense. England's gracious assent to a treaty so detrimental to American interests that it is now hotly repudiated by well-informed and patriotic Americans, is positively the only proof that Mr. Bayard is able to advance for his paradoxical assertion that England has been our friend ever since we achieved our independence. Even Mr. Bayard, however, does not venture openly to advocate a defensive and offensive league with England. We do not need, he thinks, a formally articulated alliance, or even a defined understanding with Great Britain. He holds that, where brothers are concerned, no pledge of co-operation is required; a simple recognition of the brotherhood is enough. We seem to remember, however, that Cain and Abel were brothers; that, among the Greeks, the most implacable enemies were Corinth and her daughter-city Coreya; and that up to 1870 Germans had fought against their brethren for upward of a thousand years. The existence of the fraternal tie between Americans and Englishmen, upon which Mr. Bayard is wont to discourse with so much unction, cannot shut our eyes to the unpleasant fact that, since we became a nation, we have never been engaged in any formal war with any European power except with the United Kingdom. Mr. Bayard concludes his interview with the statement that nearly all the differences which have arisen between the United States and England were imported. We should be glad if he, or any of his well-wishers, would specify a single one of the grievances above enumerated, which can be described as imported, or in any wise attributed to the inherited animosities of emigrants from Ireland or from any non-British country.

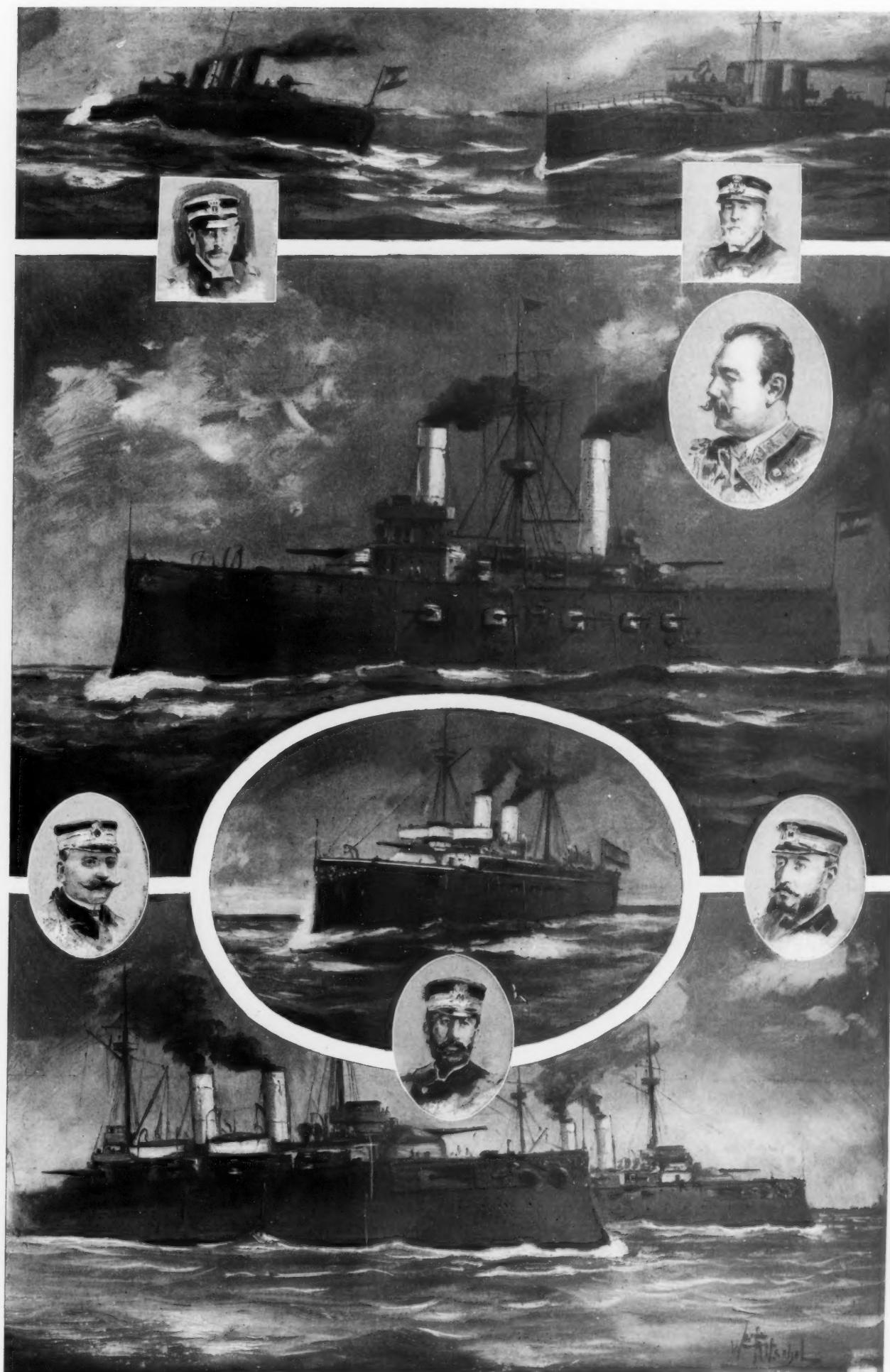
Senator Frye of Maine does not repeat Mr. Bayard's mistake by claiming too much for England. He acknowledges frankly that, in the past, England's policy toward us has been always selfish, and that never until now has she done us a friendly turn. At the same time, he does not hesitate to say that the conduct of Great Britain during our present embroilment with Spain has made her millions of friends in the United States. It would not, we presume, be difficult to show that this conduct, also, has been inspired by selfish motives; namely, the desire to secure our co-operation in the Far East and to safeguard herself against famine through an assurance that we would maintain at least a friendly neutrality, and thus continue to act as England's food purveyor in the event of a war between her and Continental Europe. That Senator Frye himself does not imagine that England's attitude toward us at this conjuncture calls for any effusive exhibition of gratitude on our part may be inferred from his refusal to talk about the possibilities of an Anglo-American alliance, or to admit that, under any circumstances, would we lower our customs duties on British goods, or consent to reciprocity with Canada. About the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty he had nothing to say, but we know from his previous declarations on the subject that Senator Frye will never consent to give England joint rights over the Nicaragua Canal, after that interoceanic waterway shall have been constructed by American capital. It is true that, in one particular, a change seems to have come over the Senator's spirit during the last two months. He now says that he has always felt that, if the time ever came when the nations of Europe were united against England, he could not help but be her friend. Senator Frye may have always felt this, but he certainly never said it before. We do not believe that, even now, he holds that his forefathers were wrong in making war upon England in 1812, although, at that time, almost all the nations of the Continent were arrayed against her. Hitherto, a great majority of patriotic Americans have opined that England's necessity would be our opportunity, and that never were we likely to acquire British North America, the Bermudas, the Bahamas and the British West Indies, unless in her hour of trial we should join a European combination against her. It is a nation's duty, and we have always supposed that this axiom was accepted by the Senator from Maine, to keep in view its own aggrandizement, and not the preservation of another State, especially not the preservation of one which showed no anxiety for our welfare during the war for the Union.

The Hon. John W. Foster declares roundly that a formal alliance with any nation would be for us undesirable. He concedes that the trade policy of England in the Far East meets with our approval, and may even have our support. But the support will be qualified, and, in his opinion, will stop short of an alliance, in spite of the fact that for the moment the United States and Great Britain seem to have common interests in the Pacific. He recognizes the weight of one objection to such a coalition; namely, that it would give irreparable offense to Russia, which, in truth, has always been our friend. Manifestly it is Mr. Foster's opinion that we should commit an act of stupendous folly, if we now renounced the friendship of the House of Romanoff, which proved stanch when England was found wanting, simply because the British Government has, at last, discovered that our food supplies might prove indispensable in England's perilous hour. With regard to the opinions expressed by Rear-Admiral George E. Belknap, we may say that there is, as yet, no official warrant for the statement that, at the present crisis, England has, by her attitude, restrained some of the Continental powers from intervening by force of arms between this country and Spain. There is no official warrant for asserting that the restraining force has not been exercised by Russia; there is, on the other hand, reason to believe that France and Germany would be much more likely to be held back by Russia than by England. It is true, as Admiral Belknap says, that, at one moment, when Spain retroceded Louisiana to France, Mr. Jefferson declared that, sooner than permit the disallowment of our claim to the free navigation of the Mississippi, we ought to marry ourselves to the British fleet and nation. The circumstances, however, which provoked this declaration, quickly passed away, and no sooner had the same Jefferson purchased the Louisiana Territory from the French Emperor than he reverted to his own predilection for France and to his ingrained antipathy toward England. We observe, moreover, that Admiral Belknap, while inclined somewhat hastily to credit England with doing us at this time a service, which there is, as yet, no proof that she has rendered, is as much opposed as any of the other distinguished Americans interviewed in the "Herald" to the conclusion of a formal alliance between Great Britain and the United States. He does not believe that any such coalition will ever take place; his incredulity bears witness to his foreknowledge that the great mass of his countrymen will show themselves ill disposed to love or trust the British Government. He is right when he says that we should put faith not in allies but in ourselves, and that we should bend all our energies to the construction of such a navy as would make us self-protecting. Then, if our interests happened to coincide with those of some other nation in any quarter of the globe, we might, temporarily, co-operate for the furtherance of those interests. That, obviously, is a different thing from binding ourselves to take part in all of England's quarrels, and to defend her in her day of reckoning with a Continental coalition.



THE CONQUERORS OF CERVERA'S FLEET

1. The "Gloucester" and Lieut.-Com. Wainwright, late of the "Maine." 2. Sampson's Flagship "New York" and Captain Chadwick.
and Captain Cook. 4. Battleships "Iowa" and "Oregon"; Captains Evans and Clark. 5. Battleships "Indiana" and "Texas"; Captains Taylor and Philip.



THE SPANISH FLEET, DESTROYED NEAR SANTIAGO, AND ITS COMMANDERS

1. Torpedo-boat Destroyer "Furor" and Captain Carlier. 2. Torpedo-boat Destroyer "Pluton" and Captain Vasquez. 3. Armored Cruiser "Cristobal Colon" and Captain Moreu. 4. Armored Cruiser "Vizcaya" and Captain Eulate. 5. Armored Cruiser "Oquendo" and Captain Lazaga. 6. Armored Cruiser "Maria Teresa" and Captain Concas.

ADMINISTRATION WORK IN WAR TIME—II.

WE HAVE seen that the duties devolving upon every division and bureau of the War Department must needs be immensely multiplied and intensified by the necessity of summarily providing for the organization, equipment, training, maintenance and mobilization of an army raised almost in an hour from 25,000 to nearly a quarter of a million of combatants. There are certain sections, however, of the service concentrated in the War Department which have had to bear the brunt of the extra labors and responsibilities. We refer to the bureau of the Chief Signal Officer, to that of the Quartermaster-General and to that of the Judge Advocate-General. The duties of the Chief Signal Officer are indefinitely extended in time of war through the necessary occupancy of cable and telegraph lines in the United States and other countries. With this occupancy is inseparably connected the censorship of news, since it is the manifest duty of the Chief Signal Officer to determine the order of business transacted over such lines. It is incumbent on him to forbid the transmission of messages containing information that would be of obvious aid and comfort to the enemy, and, accordingly, certain restrictions have to be placed on news relating to the movements of military commands or of naval vessels. Another important extension of the functions of the Chief Signal Officer is the duty of destroying such cables as are within the jurisdiction of public enemies and the laying of other cables for strategical purposes. There is, at present, no international agreement for the safeguarding of cables in war times, and it is improbable that, hereafter, any arrangement will be made to protect cables that transmit information contraband of war. Since messages by mail or by word of mouth are prohibited, the more speedy and dangerous telegraphic methods of communication should plainly fall under the same ban.

It is obvious that the normal functions of the Quartermaster-General become enormously more onerous in proportion to the increased numbers of men brought under the colors. The fact is sometimes overlooked, however, that the scope and range of his duties are also materially increased, for the operations of war may necessitate the seizure, operation, construction and repair of railways and other methods of transportation by land and water. It should likewise be noted that the labors and responsibilities of the Judge Advocate-General are not expanded merely in proportion to the great augmentation of the army. New duties will be imposed upon him and his subordinates at Manila, Santiago and Porto Rico, for example, when civilian populations fall temporarily under our military jurisdiction. The task which will devolve upon him under such conditions will be obviously delicate and difficult. We perceive, then, that, so far as certain divisions of the War Department are concerned, not only are the ordinary functions rendered far more burdensome by warlike conditions, but some actually new functions have to be discharged.

It is obvious that, on the outbreak of war on April 21, 1898, our Navy Department stood on an entirely different footing from that of the Department of War. The latter had almost everything to create; the former was completed in the sense that it could expect no material additions in the matter of armored vessels. No warships could be purchased after the beginning of the contest, nor were any then building in our native shipyards sufficiently advanced to render it possible to count on their early fitness for sea. Nevertheless, the problem confronting Mr. John D. Long, the Secretary of the Navy, was one, as we have said, of extraordinary difficulty and of exceptional complexity. The naval strength of Spain was, on paper, but little inferior to our own, and it was known, from the outset of the contest, that our enemy possessed two fleets in being, one in the Pacific, the other in or near the Atlantic. What was to be the strategy of Spain's naval commanders? That was a question which nobody could answer in advance; what was certain was that we were much more vulnerable than our enemy, having thousands of miles of rich and populous seacoast to defend. How was it possible to protect our coasts, and, at the same time, undertake a vigorous aggressive campaign? It should be remembered that, since the breaking up of our naval establishment after the close of the Civil War, our Navy Department has not been organized on a scale at all commensurate with the extensive requirements which the present contest has imposed. There was but one assistant secretary, and the several bureaus of ordnance, of equipment, of navigation, of yards and docks, of supplies and accounts, of steam engineering, of construction and repairs, of inspection and survey, of naval intelligence and of medicine and surgery were very inadequately manned for operations in two hemispheres. The defensive and aggressive exigencies were out of all proportion to the number of war vessels in commission and of those that, with the utmost diligence, might be made ready for action in a reasonable time. It was, therefore, indispensable to acquire at once as many and as efficient auxiliary non-armored vessels as possible, and, for the purpose of manning them, to increase promptly and greatly the number of efficient seamen and gunners. The sudden and extensive increment of our naval force in commission imposed, of course, a great deal of extra labor upon the bureaus of ordnance, equipment and navigation, and upon those of yards and

docks, construction and repair, of inspection and survey, supplies and accounts, and of steam engineering. So, too, the office of naval intelligence, the hydrographic office, the nautical almanac board, the bureau of medicine and surgery, the naval hospital and naval dispensary, the naval examining board and pay office were subjected to great and unexpected strain, and most of them, consequently, underwent a remarkable process of expansion. It is literally true that, for a time, the Navy Department may be said to have worked day and night, and, of course, large additions to the staff, both in the central department and at the various navy yards and stations, were found indispensable. There is no American citizen, however, who begrudges the large sums of money that have been expended in this way. Already the navy has made splendid additions to the laurels which were won in the War of the Rebellion and in the War of 1812. The destruction of the Spanish fleet at Cavite by Dewey on May 1, only eleven days after the virtual beginning of the war, would richly compensate the country for every dollar laid out upon the navy during the last year. It is impossible to overestimate the depth and sincerity of the popular conviction that, in this war, as in all preceding wars, the American Navy has deserved well of the Republic.

Let us glance briefly at the functions which devolve upon the several bureaus, bearing in mind that their capacity for work is taxed to the utmost in time of war. To begin with the Bureau of Navigation, we observe that its duties comprise all that relates to the promulgation, recording and enforcement of the Secretary's orders to the fleets and to the officers of the navy, except such orders as pertain to the office of the Secretary himself. They are concerned, also, with the education of officers and men, including the Naval Academy and the Technical School for Officers (except the War College and Torpedo School), the apprentice establishment and schools for the technical education of enlisted men. The same bureau has to do with the enlistment and discharge of all enlisted persons, including appointed petty officers for general and special terms. It controls, finally, all rendezvous and receiving ships, and provides transportation for all enlisted persons and appointed petty officers, establishes the complement of the crews of all vessels in commission; keeps the records of service of all squadrons, ships, officers and men; directs the hydrographic office; the preparation, revision and enforcement of naval tactics, year-books, signal and cipher codes and the uniform regulations; the collection of foreign surveys, the publication of charts, sailing directions and nautical works and the dissemination of nautical information to the navy and mercantile marine. The Bureau of Yards and Docks, as its name implies, superintends everything relating to the planning, construction and maintenance of all docks, wharfs, piers and buildings, of whatever kind, within the limits of the navy yards and of the naval home. It has under its sole control the general administration of the yards, providing apparatus, engines, watchmen and all things necessary, including labor, for the management and protection of the public property. The duties of the Bureau of Equipment comprehend the supplying of all vessels with rigging, sails, anchors, furniture and navigation stores, including nautical instruments, flags, signal lights and standing lights, electrical apparatus and fuel for steamers. The Bureau of Ordnance controls everything pertaining to the manufacture or purchase of offensive or defensive arms and appliances, all ammunition and explosives, including torpedoes, all magazines on shore and all vessels employed for submarine torpedo service, also all machinery used for such purposes. It recommends the material, kind and quality of a ship's armor and the dimensions of gun turrets; it purchases the torpedo boats intended to be carried by ships, and prescribes the armament which any given boat is to carry. To the Bureau of Construction and Repair belongs the superintendence of everything that relates to the designing, building, fitting and repairing the hulls of vessels, spars, boats, capstans, windlasses, steering-gear, ventilating apparatus, and every species of ship furniture not provided by the Bureau of Equipment, together with lumber, plates and tools; also the turrets and their armor-plating, after the nature thereof has been determined by the Bureau of Ordnance; it has control, lastly, of all vessels building and under repair, and must see to it that vessels in ordinary do not go to decay for want of proper examination. On the Bureau of Steam Engineering, as will be inferred from its name, devolves the designing, building, fitting out, repairing and working of the steam machinery used for the propulsion of naval vessels, together with the machinery needed for operating the apparatus whereby turrets are turned. We pass over the Bureau of Medicine and Surgery and the office of the Judge Advocate-General, because their functions are sufficiently indicated by the names. We should mention, however, that the Bureau of Supplies and Accounts furnishes the navy with provisions, clothing, small stores and fresh water. It undertakes the purchase at shore stations within the United States of stores and supplies and their custody, transfer and issue upon authorized requisitions. We should not overlook the Marine Corps, which at Cavite and in Cuba has already rendered important service. The commandant of this corps is responsible to the Secretary of the Navy for the discipline and efficiency of his men; he makes

such distribution of officers and men for duty at the several shore stations as shall appear to him most advantageous for the interests of the service: furnishes guards for vessels of the navy, according to the authorized scale of allowance; under the direction of the Secretary, he issues orders for the movement of officers and troops and such other instructions for their guidance as may be necessary; and, finally, exercises general supervision over the recruitment of the corps and the necessary expenses thereof.

It might, at first sight, be supposed that the Department of Justice and the Post Office Department would not be materially affected by the present war with Spain. This, however, is not the case. A little reflection will demonstrate that, in proportion as the duties of the War, Navy and Treasury Departments become arduous and complicated, the occasions for requesting the advice and opinion of the Attorney-General must needs be greatly multiplied. It is clear, also, that the State Department, although it has a solicitor of its own, must often desire to consult the Attorney-General on the perplexing questions that arise in connection with the enforcement of a blockade, as well as concerning other problems the solution of which requires an exhaustive acquaintance with international law. On the Post Office Department, also, new duties are imposed in war times. It has to provide for the prompt and regular carriage of the mails to and from our soldiers and seamen, a task the difficulty of which is obvious when we bear in mind that an army of more than 200,000 men is distributed in a score of camps, liable to be moved at any moment and scattered all over the world, from the Philippines to Cuba. Thus we see that even the General Post Office cannot escape the strain of war.

Now let us look at those committees of the National Legislature which are brought into direct relations with the Executive departments and must needs act harmoniously with them, if the war is to be efficiently conducted. To begin with the Senate, we should pay particular attention to the committees on Foreign Relations, on Finance, on Appropriation, on Military Affairs, on Naval Affairs, and on Coast Defenses. The Committee on Foreign Relations, of which Senator Cushman J. Davis of Minnesota is the Chairman, and of which Senators Frye, Culom, Lodge, Platt and Foraker are the other Republican members, is, of course, largely responsible for the war, and to it will be referred the treaty in which the terms of peace will be ultimately embodied. It was through the Committee on Appropriations and the Committee on Finance, acting, of course, in conjunction with corresponding committees of the House, that the Executive was provided at the outset with the money required for beginning the contest, and has since been supplied with the new taxes which will add several hundreds of millions of dollars

to our annual revenue. The committees on Naval and Military Affairs and the Committee on Coast Defenses are, as their names would suggest, continually consulted by the Secretaries of War and of the Navy touching the new legislation likely to increase the efficiency of their respective departments. It is to the honor of the Democratic members of these committees that, although constituting a minority, and, therefore, powerful only for obstruction, they at least have done nothing to trammel and much to facilitate the support of the Executive by the Federal Legislature.

In the House of Representatives, the committees of capital importance from our present point of view are those on Foreign Affairs, on Ways and Means, on Appropriations, on Military Affairs, on Naval Affairs, and on Expenditures in the War and Navy Departments. It is no exaggeration to say that, without zealous co-operation on the part of these committees, the vigorous prosecution of the present war might have been blocked. The Committee on Foreign Affairs, of which Mr. R. R. Hitt is Chairman, shares with the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations the credit of the prompt and zealous response to the President's message announcing the ultimatum delivered to Spain; and it shares, also, the credit of the joint declaration made a few days afterward, that war existed by the act of the Madrid Government. To the Committees on Appropriations and on Ways and Means the President owes, so far as the House of Representatives is concerned, the authorization to expend at once \$50,000,000 and the subsequent immense expansion of the income at his disposal by the amendments to the tariff. The House committees on military and on naval affairs have shown themselves loyal and energetic coadjutors of Secretary Alger and Secretary Long, nor have those Cabinet officers had any constrictive interference to dread from the House committees on expenditures in their respective Departments. Among the names of the members of the important Committee on Naval Affairs, we note with satisfaction those of the present Republican Chairman, Mr. Charles Boutelle of Maine, and, on the Democratic side, Mr. Amos J. Cummings of New York, who presided over the committee when his party controlled the House. Mr. Cummings is one of those patriotic Democrats who declined to follow his nominal leader, Mr. Bailey, in opposing the annexation of Hawaii by joint resolution, and he may be relied upon to favor the retention of the Philippines.

We have here undertaken to give, in as brief compass as possible, a conspectus of the vast machinery of the administrative branch of our Federal Government, as it may be now seen at Washington in the stress of operation, under the new and hard conditions of war.

(THE END.)



THE TELEGRAPH-ROOM OF THE WAR DEPARTMENT

(Photographed specially for COLLIER'S WEEKLY by BERTE & PULLIS)



FROM THE FRONT

AN ILLUSTRATED BULLETIN OF THE WEEK'S WAR NEWS

NEW YORK JULY 16 1898



DR. CRANDALL OPERATING UPON A WOUNDED SAILOR

(Drawn by C. D. GRAVES, from photograph taken on board the "Iowa" by our Special Photographer, J. H. HARE)



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MAJOR-GENERAL FITZHUGH LEE AND STAFF, CAMP CUBA LIBRE, JACKSONVILLE, FLA.

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE

Camp Cuba Libre, Jacksonville, Fla., June 30

LEE still at Jacksonville without enough soldiers in his command to justify his making his headquarters in the field. Lee still at the Windsor Hotel with his staff of President's and Vice-President's sons. Generals all around him ordered to Cuba or to Porto Rico, while he, Lee, remains far in the rear, off in one corner of Florida. Why? Lee himself does not know. Men, whole regiments, are taken from his corps and put in other corps ready for the front. He has ten regiments in his camp here. He is entitled to twenty-seven. He does not know where the remaining seventeen regiments are coming from. Meanwhile, we are wondering whether this side-tracking of the hero of Havana, the idol of the South and the owner of Jacksonville, is the result of jealousy at Washington. Is Lee too dangerous a candidate for the President's chair, or is he being held for the grand, smashing, killing campaign that will precede the investment of Havana?

Down at Tampa transports are assembling for another Cuban expedition. Up at Fernandina and down at Miami on the east coast of Florida, transports are assembling for the expeditions to Porto Rico. Is Lee going to Porto Rico—after all the talk of making him Governor-General of Cuba? The other day the general thought perhaps he was really going to Porto Rico. But when he looked round upon his poor little third of a corps he said ruefully: "But then, of course, I can't go even to Porto Rico without soldiers behind me."

Fernandina has been selected as a fine place from which to embark troops. The fact is, Fernandina offers only slightly better railroad embarkation facilities than Tampa. Simply, Mr. Flagler and the Florida Central Peninsula have pulled the right wires at Washington—perhaps better wires than those pulled by Mr. Plant of the Tampa-Plant System.

After a visit to Fernandina I am bound to say that at least the single railroad running there is better equipped for the handling of masses of troops and great quantities of freight than is the Plant Line at Tampa. Indeed, after the wretched and parsimonious management displayed by the Plant System, any road in the country can easily rank next to the worst. The F. C. P. running to Fernandina is doing all it can be ready for the approaching rush of business.

Fernandina itself is an island at the entrance of Cumberland Sound, on the Florida east coast, forty miles north of Jacksonville. It is so near the sea that a good warship could knock the city into kindling-wood. But it has a pretty good roadstead, with room for a fleet of transports. Beyond the city limits there is room, easily, for the cantonments of an army of one hundred thousand men. The natives, five thousand strong, support themselves exporting phosphates and lumber. And these same natives are fairly wild with anticipation of the wealth they are about to reap from Uncle Sam's soldiers. By the time this is printed they will all be Croesus and

Fernandina will be exploited in all papers the country over.

Meanwhile the boys at Jacksonville, all volunteers, are writing home to Illinois, North Carolina, Mississippi, Iowa, New Jersey, Arizona—writing that they are well taken care of in the best camp in the country, under the eye of the best of major-generals, Fitzhugh Lee. The Southern boys, by the way, always write the name, Fitz Lee. For that is the way its owner signed the name during the days of the "late unpleasantness."

And, O Lord! it's great fun to see the regiments from the South and those from the North falling all over each other in the frantic rush to embrace and utter assurances that the said late unpleasantness has been forgotten. General Lee sets the pace by having Sartoris, grandson of Grant, on his staff. Think of that combination!

The other day Jacksonville unveiled a soldiers' and sailors' monument in the park facing Lee's hotel headquarters. That was a great day—for the Northerners. Every Northern officer in the Seventh Army Corps made a speech, during which he wept for the poor boys who had gone to their death and for whom that noble shaft was erected.

The day after the Mississippi regiment arrived Colonel Guild, inspector-general, called at the camp on official business. The Southern colonel received him most effusively, saying: "Welcome to this camp, sah. I want you to know, sah, that this regiment is made up of gentlemen who hold the highest social positions in Mississippi, sah. And now, sah, I want you to step into my tent and try some of the finest Mississippian whisky, sah."

"But," protested the inspector, "have called to inspect your camp. Won't you please issue the necessary orders for inspection?"

"Inspection, sah? I don't know as I exactly understand you. You see, sah, the boys made me colonel of this regiment. But, I assure you, sah, I know absolutely nothing about military affairs. I leave all such matters to my adjutant. Now, sah, I think it's a long time between drinks, sah."

With a colonel who knows nothing about military affairs, the discipline in the ranks of that Mississippi regiment may be imagined. During the inspection of the rank and file, whom the adjutant at last drew up in line, the inspector-general came to a gray-haired private who handled his piece with some skill.

"This is evidently not new business to you," remarked the inspector.

"No, sah," replied the private. "I served the Southern Confederacy from '61 to '65, sah, and I tell you I'm profoundly glad to be inspected today, sah, by a Southern inspector, sah."

"But I'm not a Southerner," said Colonel Guild. "I'm from Boston."

Whereupon the private threw his piece to the ground, advanced to where Colonel Guild stood, and embraced him, welcoming him to the regiment "in the name of Mississippi, sah."

On the evening of that same day the Mississippi regiment put its men on guard, telling the senti-

nels that they must challenge all comers, as instructed. One of the officers returning late in the evening was challenged by the sentinel thus: "Halt, there! Hie, there, mister, I see you first!"

The crack regiment in Cuba Libre Camp is the Second New Jersey. This regiment is fully equipped, well drilled, and is filled to war strength. Therefore General Lee trembles lest the New Jersey boys be taken from him to send over to Shafter.

Every evening one of the regimental bands serenades Lee in front of the hotel. Governor Bloxham (Florida) heard one of the bands playing "America" with variations. He hurried to Washington. When he returned he brought a copy of an order issued by Secretary Alger forbidding "America," the national hymn, to be played with variations or in any medley of tunes—not only in Florida, but in any camp in the country. We all voted three cheers for Florida's governor, for we were tired of hearing "America" played in with such tunes as "All Coons," "Hot Time," and so on.

GILSON WILLETS.

MODERN GUNS AND ARMOR

COULD the officers of the "Brooklyn" and our battleships have a frank chat with the surviving officers of Admiral Cervera's squadron the world might have answers to some puzzling, oft-asked questions. Any one can get access to figures indicating the impact and penetration of projectiles of certain sizes—also the resisting power of armor-plates; but we have yet to be informed of the effect upon a ship's structure and her men of the percussive effect of great shot and shell. Cervera's armored cruisers kept afloat fairly well—one of them fully four hours; they also kept abreast of a fleet of powerful vessels under forced draught and to the last they had enough engine-power to push them ashore, so one naturally wonders what impelled their commanders to beach them. One was destroyed by explosion, but not until after she had gone ashore. The newspaper correspondents who visited the wrecks a day or two after the chase did not find deadly injuries to specify. Spanish sailors who were made prisoners declared that they had been driven from their guns by the severity of our fire and driven back by their officers, under threat of death, yet the number of dead and wounded is small, by comparison with the great number of survivors; certainly sixteen hundred men should have afforded ample crews with which to escape or to fight.

Unless it be proved, by examination of the wrecks, that the Spanish cruisers were really pierced at the water-line and were beached to keep them from sinking, it must be believed that Cervera, his officers and his men were defeated principally by the cumulative effect of heavy shot-blows, in rapid succession, against the sides and frames of their ships. Men fully as brave as they have succumbed to shocks far less numerous and violent.



THE ASTOR BATTERY IN CAMP AT SAN FRANCISCO BEFORE LEAVING FOR MANILA

1. Captain Peyton C. March. 2. Guns of the Astor Battery. 3. Polishing. 4. Receiving Ammunition. 5. Pitching Tents. 6. Mascot.



FINAL CHARGE OF CHAFFEE'S BRIGADE (SEVENTH, TWELFTH)

DRAWN, FROM SKETCHES AND CABLED DESCRIPTIONS



TWELFTH AND SEVENTEENTH REGULAR INFANTRY) AT EL CANEY

ABLED DESCRIPTIONS, BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, F. C. YOHN



VIEWS IN THE CITY OF SANTIAGO DE CUBA

1. Santiago, from the Harbor. 2. Near the Market-place. 3. Train of Pack Mules. 4. An ordinary Residence Street, looking toward Harbor.



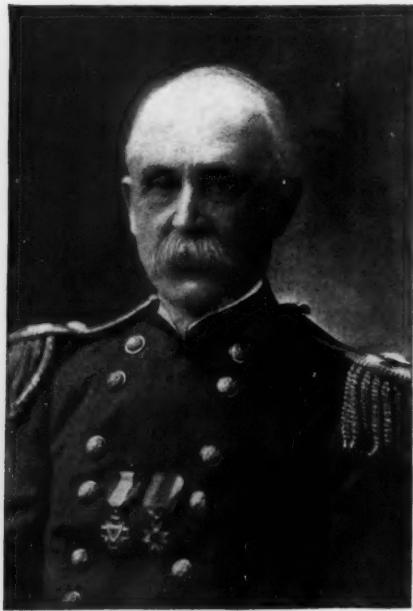
COMPANY A, FIRST UNITED STATES VOLUNTEER ENGINEERS



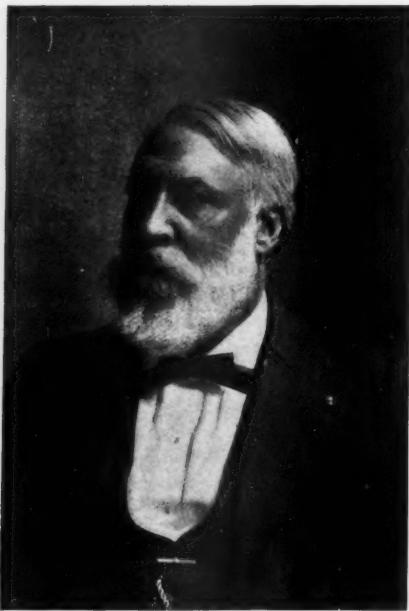
COMPANY B, FIRST UNITED STATES VOLUNTEER ENGINEERS



BRIG.-GEN. C. P. EAGAN,
Commissary-General of the Army.



BRIG.-GEN. G. M. STERNBERG,
Surgeon-General of the Army.



MAJ.-GEN. J. WARREN KEIFER,
Once Speaker of the House of Representatives.



GENERAL LINARES.
The Spanish Commander at Santiago.



BRIG.-GEN. A. R. CHAFFEE,
Who led the Charge at El Caney.



SERGEANT HAMILTON FISH (3d),
Killed in First Advance toward Santiago.



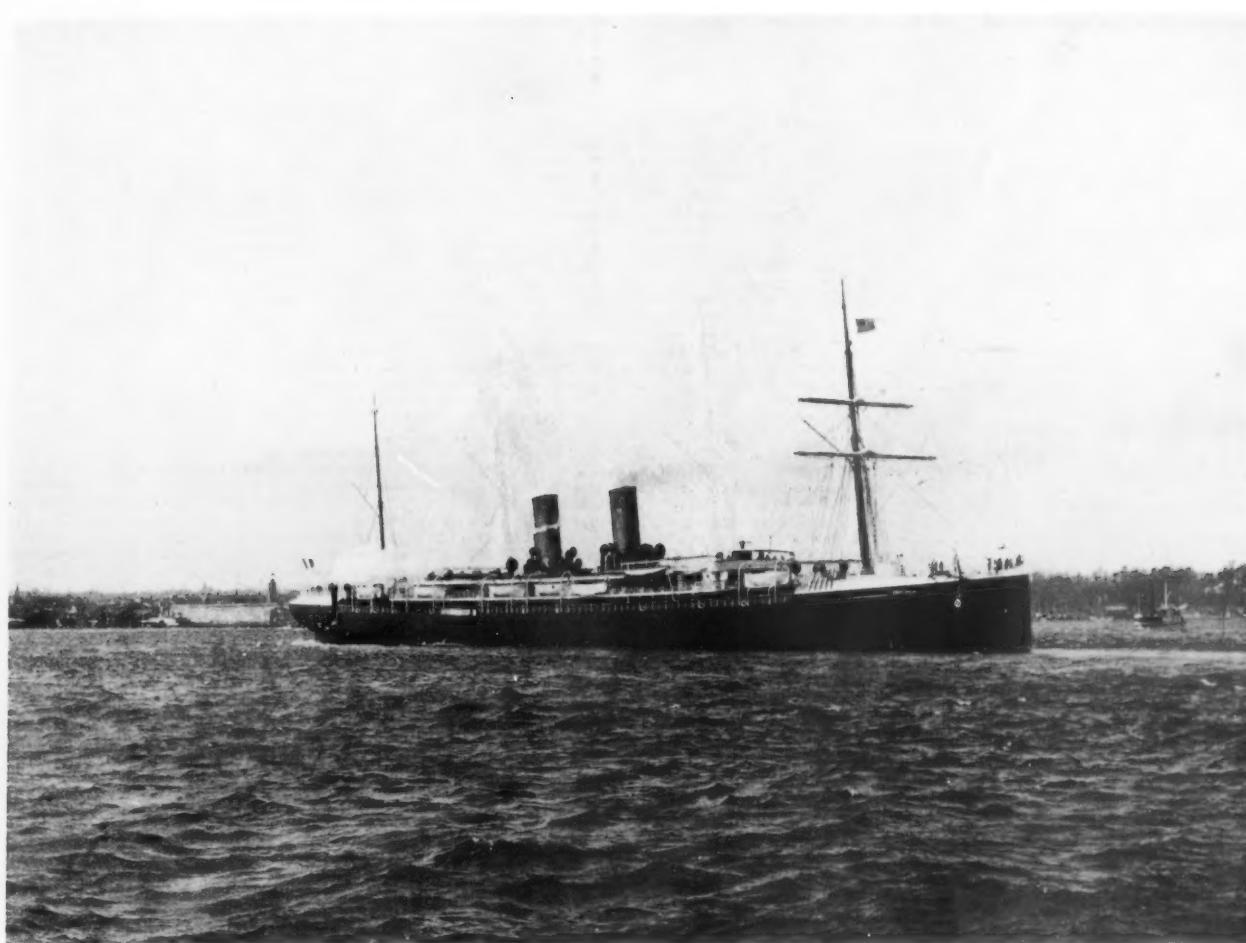
BRIG.-GEN. M. V. SHERIDAN,
Brother of General "Phil" Sheridan.



GENERAL PANDO,
Of the Spanish Army in Cuba.



MAJ.-GEN. AND EX-SENATOR M. C. BUTLER,
A Veteran of the Confederate Army.



THE FRENCH LINE STEAMER "BOURGOGNE" SUNK OFF SABLE ISLAND, JULY 4, IN COLLISION WITH THE ENGLISH SAILING SHIP "CROMARTYSHIRE"

THE LOSS OF "LA BOURGOGNE"

SOON after dawn on the 4th of July the Compagnie Generale Transatlantique's steamer "Bourgogne" was sunk, after collision with the British sailing ship "Cromartyshire," and nearly six hundred of her passengers and crew were drowned. This is almost the worst disaster ever caused by the loss of a passenger steamer.

The "Bourgogne" was a screw steamer of about seventy-four hundred tons displacement, built of steel, and with alleged water-tight compartments; she was five hundred and eight feet long and only fifty-two feet beam, having been designed for great speed. The "Cromartyshire" was a full-rigged sailing ship, built of iron about twenty years ago, and of nearly fifteen hundred tons displacement. Although apparently old, for a ship, she had been kept in first-rate condition and still had the highest marine rating—"100 A1." She also held the sailing record from San Francisco to Queenstown, having made the run a year ago in exactly one hundred days. She had four transverse bulkheads, which divided her hull into water-tight compartments, and saved her from the fate of the vessel with which she collided.

The "Bourgogne" left New York on Saturday, July 2, with five hundred and seventeen passengers and a crew of two hundred and thirty-three officers and men. She was "crossing the Banks"—passing through the fog that almost incessantly shrouds the coast of Nova Scotia and Newfoundland—when she came in collision with the "Cromartyshire," bound from Dunkirk to Philadelphia, and sailing a course northwest by west, to take advantage of a light wind from the west. She was sounding a foghorn at one-minute intervals, according to sea-custom in a fog, and the "Bourgogne" was sounding her whistle. The latter was heard by the captain of the "Cromartyshire." Whistle and horn answered each other several times, according to the captain of the "Cromartyshire," who says his first and third officers were on deck with him. Suddenly the steamer appeared from the fog. The method of collision and the responsibility therefor have not yet been determined, but it is certain that the bow of the sailing ship was badly injured and that it crashed into the midship (or engine-room) section of the steamer, the hole being so wide and deep that the steamer soon went down. The "Cromartyshire" seems to have imagined herself the sole sufferer, until half an hour later, when the fog lifted and two of the "Bourgogne's" boats were descried, amid much wreckage, on which were people who had escaped from the wreck.

All of these were picked up, and the rescuing, yet disabled, vessel was soon afterward sighted and towed to Halifax by the Allan Line steamer "Grecian."

The great loss of life is significantly marked by the fact that all but one of the saved were men, although many women and children were on the "Bourgogne," and the one woman saved owed her rescue to her own husband—not to any efforts which courtesy and rule of the sea exacted from the officers of the "Bourgogne." Some of the survivors charge the sailors and lower order of steerage passengers with brutality and even murder. The ship seems not to have been under good discipline; for although a great list to starboard—the wrecked side—prevented launching the starboard boats in the ordinary manner, all crews are trained to shift boats from one position to another. The weather at the time of the accident was mild, so every boat might have been used. The following strange story was told by one of the passengers—a professor of languages and husband of the only woman saved:

"It was a scene of horror. A large number of those who were below were unable to reach the decks, and went down with the steamship. I saw a boatload of women go down. The accident happened a few yards from me. There were about forty women in the boat, but not one man in it, and, strange to say, the boat was launched without an oar. The women did not remain quiet in the boat. To escape the spray from the waves that dashed against the lifeboat several of the women went to the other side of the boat, and it capsized and every soul was lost. The screaming just as the boat turned over was terrific. Three of the women remained afloat for a few seconds and then disappeared."

News despatches from Halifax contain the following statement:

"The scenes on board the 'Bourgogne' just after the collision were terrible. Men fought for positions in the boats like raving maniacs; women were forced back from the boats and trampled by men who made self-preservation their first object. On board were a large number of Italians and other foreigners. They stopped at nothing. So desperate was the situation that an Italian passenger drew his knife and made direct at one who, like himself, was endeavoring to reach the boats. Immediately his action was imitated in every direction. Knives were used with deadly effect. Women and children were stabbed like sheep."

RIGID RULES ENFORCED.

Veterinaries of the N. Y. Condensed Milk Co. examine cows supplying milk for the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk to guard against any contamination. Send for "Infant Health." Information valuable to every mother for forty years the leading brand.

SONG OF THE 13-INCH

I come of a fighting race.
You should see my family-tree,
With never a break when you come to trace
From "Mons Meg" down to me—
From old "Mons Meg" with his hoop-bound side,
That shook to his bombarde song,
When he said to the foemen at Norham, "Bide—
To me, with my well-wrought, toughened hide,
And my belly lean and long."

I grin with the grin of death
That spins from my iron lips—
Bluff joy, with a roar of my pregnant breath,
To bite at the steel-clad ships—
To bite at the ships in the lust of blood,
As I whip them over the sea,
And fence them in with the spouting scud,
And scatter them over the littered flood,
Till they dip their rags to me.

I hunger—ere yet I teach—
Feed me not of the loam—
I feed to the snap of the locking breech
That slides the greased shell home,
That slides it home—then, in mad desire,
I speed it far and true,
While my mouth is ringed with the dripping fire,
And the crumpling cities feel my ire,
As I search them through and through.

I come of a fighting stock.
On the word of my father Thor!
'Tis well for my friends—but the foes that mock,
I whelm in the throes of war—
I whelm in the throes of war, and they fall,
Fleets and cities and men.
Yet my time may come—let it be a call,
To the wildest, wickedest fight of all,

Far out, beyond all ken!
Shivered, crippled and spent,
Twain on hopeless sea,
Dying, each firm in a fell intent,
Grim, set on victory—
Grim, set, to the end. In the waning light
As the last, last daylight dies,
The flare of the holocaust's awful blight,
Or the cold, gray water's gulping night,
And—the clean-swept billow's rise.

I come of a fighting race.
You should see my family-tree,
With never a break when you come to trace
From "Mons Meg" down to me—
From old "Mons Meg" with his hoop-bound side,
That shook to his bombarde song,
When he said to the foemen at Norham, "Bide—
To me, with my well-wrought, toughened hide,
And my belly lean and long."

J. H. BATES, JR.

TRACK ATHLETICS OF 1898

BY WALTER CAMP

PENNSYLVANIA'S TRIUMPH

WHEN Track Athletics were first taken up by the American collegian they were only an offshoot of the great rivalry engendered by the intercollegiate boat-racing. All the men could not sit in the boats, nor could all of them play on the ball nine; but by combining boat-racing, ball-playing and such sports as running and throwing the baseball many who at the former meetings of supporters of the crews could do nothing but talk and cheer had an opportunity of making some physical effort that should help put their colleges to the front. Thus with the attachment to the boat race of some of the important baseball matches there came to be added certain contests between the athletically inclined that formed the basis for and eventually became the "Mott Haven" games.

At the first of these early meetings, the one held at Saratoga July 20, 1874, the contests included a hundred-yard dash, high hurdle, mile run, three-mile run, and even a seven-mile walk! It is of especial interest to note that the short sprint was run in far better time proportionately than the other events, especially if one considers the contemporary accounts, which state that the winner slipped and fell on his start. Nevin, who won the hundred, was accredited with 10½ seconds, while Maxwell occupied 20½ seconds in winning the hurdle, and Copeland within a second and a half of five minutes to cover the mile.

For some three years these games were held thus at Saratoga. In 1876 a cup was offered to the winner of the greatest number of first prizes, and this cup was the original of the Mott Haven cup, although it was not, as mentioned below, until 1877 that the games were held at Mott Haven. After a number of meetings this cup was replaced by another given by graduates; and although the games had by this time been transferred from Mott Haven to the Polo Grounds, they were still spoken of as the Mott Haven games. They were held at the Polo Grounds—then the Manhattan Grounds, Berkeley Oval, Manhattan Field, and now at Berkeley Oval once more; but still there is an inclination among those universities with memories to speak of them as the Mott Haven games.

It was in 1877 that the track games were for the first time taken away from their connection with the boat race and made a really separate institution. The meeting of that year was the first of the Mott Haven games, and Columbia was victorious; Yale was not represented, and, in fact, after the last Saratoga meeting Yale

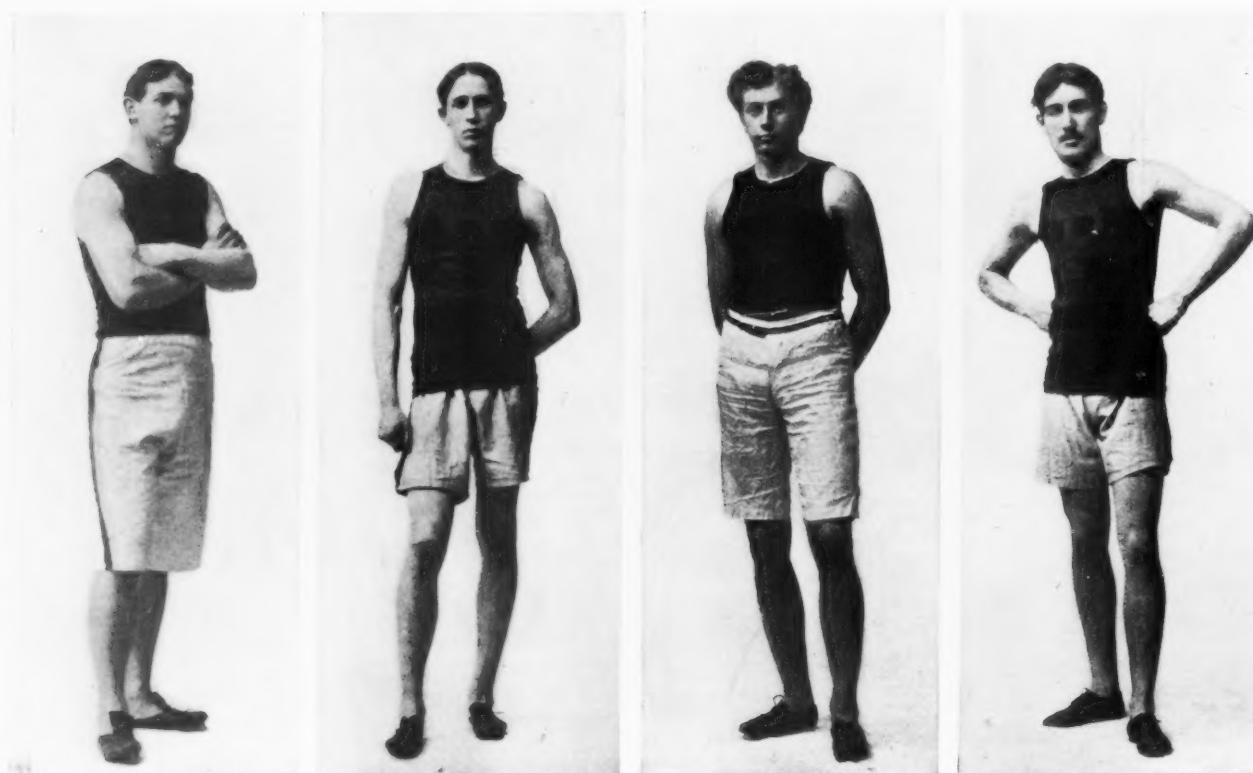
took no part in these intercollegiate meetings for three years. At this first Mott Haven meeting three records were broken—the 220, 440, and running broad—but it was not until '79 that a general sweep of the records was made. In that year eight intercollegiate and three amateur records were cut down. But the performances were not to compare with modern work. In fact, there was a time, not more than a half-dozen years ago, when a man who could throw a sixteen-pound hammer 110 feet or could put the shot 41 feet was looked upon as a certain winner of first points at the Mott Haven games. Nor was it any longer ago that the man who could jump 22 feet was equally certain to secure premier honors. Sixteen seconds would make more than a fair try for a first at the high hurdle, although that figure had been and might be beaten on a pinch in the finals; but 25 seconds was certain to be winning time for the low hurdles and 10½ feet would take the pole vault. But nowadays even the schoolboys cover the high hurdles in 16 seconds and do nearly 22 feet in the broad jump. And as for the intercollegiates, at the Berkeley Oval this year of 1898 one man taking part in three events ran the high hurdles in 15½ seconds, the low hurdles in 23½ seconds, and cleared 23 feet 1½ inches in the broad jump, taking two firsts and a third. Three men cleared 23 feet in the broad jump and the winner made 23 feet 7½ inches. One man threw the hammer 149 feet 5 inches and put the shot 48 feet 8½ inches. In the pole vault three men tied at 11 feet 1 inch, and two of them on the jump off got over the bar at 11 feet 4½ inches. One week after the intercollegiate, the winner of the hammer beat the amateur champion and a supposedly unbeatable man, Flanagan, was later accredited with a throw of 170 feet, while a week later the winner of the broad jump left a new top notch for the world, while the winner of the hurdles carried the mark down to 15½ seconds, which even the history of records hardly justifies us in believing can be further lowered save by the same man.

This year, at the National Interscholastic Athletic Association meeting on the 10th of June, the hundred was covered in 10 seconds, the 220 in 22½, the quarter in 51½, the half in 1.59½, and the high hurdle in an even 16 seconds. The jumpers cleared over 6 feet in the high and 21 feet 10 inches in the broad, and the pole vaulter got over 10 feet 8½ inches. Such records only a few years ago would have made even the intercollegiate winners look grave. But all have

gone up a peg, and were the interest not so divided by the national issues of war, the Intercollegiate Athletic Association and the meeting of 1898 at Berkeley Oval would have occupied the public eye as no meeting before has done since the International one at Manhattan Field. Early in the season it was rumored that M. C. Murphy was training a remarkable team of University of Pennsylvania track athletes on Franklin Field, and that, too, with a vigor and care which, when emanating from such a trainer, must mean some remarkable results. It was known that he had a new sprinter there, better than Hoffman or any of the men he had brought out before, and it was also generally heralded that in Kraenzlein he had a man for the hurdles who would push Perkins of Yale closely and who might be heard from in the low hurdles. In college athletics it is no unusual thing for men to be wonders on paper and yet when the day of contest comes fail to materialize. All this talk about the University of Pennsylvania was more or less discounted, and while it was believed that in Tewksbury, Kraenzlein, Fetterman and McCracken, Murphy had four excellent men, it was hardly agreed upon that with them he could get more than three of the first places in the events; or, counting in Remington, four out of six. But the University of Pennsylvania was not at all worried over the fact that there were doubtless, and they went straight ahead in developing this team.

An opportunity came to try Tewksbury against Wefers. Murphy was not slow to take advantage of this, and when Tewksbury won it is probable that Murphy and the Pennsylvanians jotted down in their note-books as their own the intercollegiate 100 and 220. At any rate Wefers, who was going off, continued to lose form, and before the day of the intercollegiate it was publicly announced that he would not compete.

The first opportunity of telling anything about Harvard and Yale, who were supposed to be the only ones likely to push Pennsylvania, occurred at their dual meeting held in Cambridge early in May. The showing made there was really not such as to give Pennsylvania much to worry about. In fact, while the stimulus and home sympathies pushed some of the Harvard representatives to unusual performance, the work of neither university, as a whole, was such as to entitle their sympathizers to much hope as against the records already shown by the University of Pennsylvania. Princeton was regarded as having in Creegan and Jarvis first-class per-



MCCRACKEN—Hammer and Shot

TEWKSBURY—100 and 220 Yards

KRAENZLEIN—Hurdles

FETTERMAN—One-Mile Walk

PENNSYLVANIA'S WINNING ATHLETES

formers, but, beyond that, was not given as much consideration as Harvard and Yale. The meeting was set for Saturday, May 28, at Berkeley Oval. It had rained continuously for several days, and those who knew the caliber of Kraenzlein, Fetterman and Tewksbury looked very blue, because it seemed as though the heavy going would interfere with what might otherwise prove record-breaking. The preliminary heats in the first day attracted more people than ever before; but the unpleasant day, or rather the doubtful day, militated against what might have been a tremendous crowd on Saturday. The sun broke through the clouds soon after noon, but a threatening appearance of the skies during the morning prevented many from planning to go to the games. When the sun did come out it came out with full vigor, and was of great assistance in taking some of the moisture out of the track and improving what might have been its soggy condition. The bicycling was run off on an outer track completely inclosing the main track and built of boards. This worked satisfactorily, although one or two, especially in the tandem, slipped off on the inside. But the main interest centered in the other events. In the hundred, Tewksbury won his heat without difficulty, although he came rather late. Whittemore pounded out place, and brought Syracuse into the finals. Rush of Princeton and Robinson of Harvard made up the other two of the four. When these men lined up for the final it was all over but the shouting in the minds of every one who had seen the trial heats, for Tewksbury was moving in remarkable form and had easily held his field. At the pistol Robinson got a beautiful start, Tewksbury and Whittemore being behind. Half-way down Rush came and collared Robinson, and after a few strides passed him. Tewksbury, however, was coming with an easy stride, and fifty yards from home he was level with Rush. From this point on there was more of a race than was expected by many, for Rush held out manfully and was only barely beaten at the tape. Robinson finished ahead of Whittemore. In the 220 the same two men were pitted against one another, with Hoffman of Pennsylvania and Greene of Harvard looked upon as possible in case anything happened to the two cracks. In fact, there was in the minds of Princeton a lurking hope that Rush might pull down the slender Tewksbury in this event, while Pennsylvanians, confident of their first place, hoped that Hoffman might pull up with Rush. When they got off Rush went to the front quickly, but his effort was not as well sustained as in the hundred, for when the men came into the cut Tewksbury had the race in hand and won out by nearly five yards. Hoffman held on to Rush well and lost second place by but two yards.

In the half-mile run, with Hollister of Harvard out of the way, every one conceded the first place to Cregan of Princeton. It was a pretty race, but Cregan had it well in hand with his strong finish and got in at 1.58—remarkably good time considering all the conditions. A good deal of credit is due to Bray, the sandy Williams runner, who held Cregan all the way home, losing by only two yards.

The mile run was naturally another victory for the Princeton man, although every possible means was taken to get him off his feet in the event. Grant took up the running, and, when the bell rang, jumped out with a desperate effort. Cregan had been wise enough to let nothing interfere with his running his own race, and when he moved up out of the bunch and went after Grant there was a strength and ease about his stride which made one feel that he was sure of himself; as he came along the back stretch and collared Grant there was no run left in the spent man to answer, and Cregan went down the straight, winning by fifteen yards, in 4 minutes 23 seconds. It was a most excellent performance, and, considering the going and the already hard work performed by Cregan, it should be set down as one of the best pieces of running ever performed on the Oval.

The 440 was a pretty sight, at least four of the men being good stayers, and the bunch swept around the track with very little break until nearing the back stretch; then Jarvis of Princeton and Lee of Syracuse made the running, with Luce of Yale hanging on bravely. Down the straight Jarvis pulled ahead, winning by less than two yards. Lee held the second place, a yard and a half ahead of Luce; the time was 50 seconds.

Meantime the field events were going on, and McCracken of Pennsylvania was showing what he could do toward carrying out the promise made by his performances in practice. In both the shot and hammer he was easily ahead of any one else, and they were unable to extend him. In the shot, while he broke the intercollegiate record of 42 feet 11½ inches, his 43 feet 8 inches failed to reach Hickok's collegiate record of 44 feet 1½ inches. Garret, formerly of Princeton, now of Johns Hopkins, was second with 40 feet 9½ inches. With the hammer, McCracken wiped out both intercollegiate and collegiate records with a throw of 149 feet 5 inches. Potter of Princeton was second, with what in other company would have been a winning toss of 138 feet 1 inch.

The pole vault was rather sensational, as it resulted in a tie between Clapp, Johnson and Hoyt, the first two Yale men and the third a Harvard man. But the actual performance was not up to the mark already made by Clapp. In vaulting

off the tie Clapp and Hoyt tied again at 11 feet 4½ inches, breaking the intercollegiate record of 11 feet 3½ inches, but not Clapp's own record.

The high jump was not as remarkable as was hoped. Powell of Cornell, Winsor of Pennsylvania, Morse of Harvard, and Rice of Harvard all tying at 5 feet 11½ inches.

But the broad jump surpassed all expectation in the quality of the competition. Prinstein of Syracuse winning, with 23 feet 7½ inches, Remington getting in second, with 23 feet 3½ inches, and Kraenzlein third, with 23 feet 1½ inches—all three men beating 23 feet, and casting entirely in the shade the intercollegiate record of 22 feet 11½ inches, which has stood for so many years.

The one-mile walk was acknowledged before the men started to be an easy thing for Fetterman of Pennsylvania, but there was a good deal of interest manifested as to whether, in the condition of the track, he could lower the record. He walked in beautiful form, and covered the distance in 6 minutes 45½ seconds, cleaning up the record of Borchering of Princeton, which had stood as the intercollegiate, 6 minutes 52½ seconds. Butler of Yale walked a very creditable race, and Ottley, now of Johns Hopkins, showed, by finishing within fifteen yards of Butler, that he had by no means lost his former prowess in this event.

The bicycle races were won: the quarter-mile by Schwartz of Columbia, 32½ seconds, with Dawson of Columbia second; the five-mile by Ripley of Princeton in 12 minutes 26½ seconds, with Dawson second; the one-mile tandem by Schade and Moran of Georgetown, in 2 minutes 16 seconds, just beating out the Columbia team.

But of all the events of the afternoon the two hurdle races stand out in the most marked prominence. In these events, Perkins of Yale, who for several meetings has held his opponents safely, and has, previous to the advent of Kraenzlein, been looked upon as a sure winner, was not only beaten but beaten by four yards. Bremer of Harvard, also looked upon as the most remarkable performer in the low event in the country, and who was counted upon to hold his place securely, was simply distanced in his event. In fact, in both races all the performers, save Kraenzlein of Pennsylvania, seemed like novices until one saw the figures showing the time. No wonder this Pennsylvanian made a show of all his competitors, for he won the high hurdle in 15½ seconds and the low hurdle in 23½ seconds, both times wiping out intercollegiate records, and in the latter case by a clean second. The races were not even interesting, so sure a winner did he appear before half the sticks were topped. In the high hurdle he practically led all the way after the second stick, and Hallowell of Harvard pushed Perkins of Yale close for the second place. In the low hurdle it seemed as though Kraenzlein were merely running a flat race, so little did the obstacles interfere with him. In fact, as some one aptly remarked, his time would have been by no means bad for the 220 flat. Lee of the University of Pennsylvania having won that event in 1877 in exactly that time, while Wendell of Harvard won the same in '79 and '80 in 24½ and Baker of Harvard in '84 in 23½. Here, then, was a man running over obstacles two feet and a half high and covering the distance in what was winning time several years for the same distance over a clear track!

But perhaps the most interesting feature of this remarkable triumph of the University of Pennsylvania lay in the antecedent history of that institution in athletics. Steadily advancing along the lines of systematic development, with able men at the head of athletic affairs, Pennsylvania became, a few years ago, a power to be reckoned with in the football world. Then, turning her attention to the province of track athletics, she began to build up a team and an interest and a determination to reach the goal of success in that department also. One year ago Pennsylvania reached the point where it was possible to secure the first place, and for the first time that university was enrolled among the winners of the Intercollegiate Athletic Association's championship. But it was left for this year to really demonstrate the value of the work that had been put behind this department. In developing a winning team it is necessary to stretch out and take into the ranks of candidates many more than the actual point winners, and it is also often the case that a man who has been brought up to the pitch of winning a place has but just begun to realize the benefits of his work, and another year may bring him up tremendously. For these reasons it was not until this year that the work of Mike Murphy and those behind and with him could be fairly estimated. But the results were overwhelming, not only in points scored but in the actual performances made. And here it is not amiss to call attention to the personality of this most successful trainer. He is a man of middle age, one of the most quiet, unassuming of men, and one with whom a stranger might talk track athletics for an hour and not realize that he had anything but an excellent listener. But this man has the tact to handle his pupils so that each does the very best of which he is capable, and still more so that each steadily improves. There is seldom any retrograding by Murphy's pupils; at any rate not so long as they remain under his immediate jurisdiction. Many athletes are not unlike race-horses and require, or seem to require, all sorts of humorizing in order to bring out their speed. In this art Murphy is pastmaster, and it is a rare exception to find any per-

former so intractable as not to answer to his judicious hand upon the rein.

But in addition to the wonderful work of this team of athletes from the University of Pennsylvania there was another team which laid claim, although not to the first place, to a most decidedly honorable mention. That team was the one sent out by Walter Chrystie of Princeton. Almost unheralded, and certainly not selected as the ones likely to finish next to the aggregation from Philadelphia, they kept steadily creeping up, and by equaling in every instance and in some cases surpassing what had been expected of them, they landed in second place with twenty-eight points to their credit. In fact, in the hundred Rush gave Tewksbury such a race as made the Pennsylvanian extend himself to the very utmost and then barely get in ahead. While Potter took another very creditable second for Princeton in the hammer. In Cregan and Jarvis, as already noted in the description of the contests, Princeton has two first-class men and men who are exceptionally strong in the finish. Cregan could have beaten any miler we have had the way he is running this season, and if he were sent for that distance only and saved for it would very likely have lopped a second from the intercollegiate record instead of just missing it as he did. But when we want to reflect upon what we have yet to accomplish in middle distance and distance running, we have but to read of the performances of the English amateurs like Welsh, who made only this month the mile in 4.17 and a fraction. However, this does not detract in the least from Cregan's work here; for the Englishmen do not seem to be able to duplicate their distance records in this climate.

And one of the smaller colleges came to the front with a record-breaker, and such a record-breaker as was needed in a class where the leaders were all well beyond the former marks set by intercollegiate performers. In Myer Prinstein Syracuse has a jumper who can take a flight beyond any man the world has yet produced. At the intercollegiate he went within an eighth of an inch of the best broad jump ever recorded; namely, that of Rosengrave at Sydney, New South Wales.

THE ASTOR BATTERY.

San Francisco, June 25.

On Wednesday, the "Morgan City," the "City of Para," the "Indiana," the "Ohio" and the "Valencia," carrying the third expedition to Manila, under the command of General McArthur, will be followed by the "Newport," which will bear Major-General Merritt, under guard of two batteries of regular artillery and the Astor Battery.

As was natural, this last organization, which is the contribution of a New York millionaire to the national army, has attracted much attention in this city. A little friction marked its arrival. It has been the practice of the Red Cross Society, and sundry associations of patriotic women, to welcome volunteer regiments at the ferry landing with a meal of sandwiches, fruit, coffee and flowers, and they were on hand to pay the same compliment to the Astor Battery. But Captain Peyton C. March rather abruptly declined civilities. He said that his men had breakfasted already, and could not interrupt their march to camp to exchange offices of politeness. The stern blast of the bugle actually broke on the ears of the cannoneers while a half-eaten sandwich lingered in their fingers and a half-empty coffee cup was pressed to their lips. A few members of the light brigade of journalists were disposed to cavil at what they considered a discourteous return for well-meant attentions, but people generally made due allowance for the strict disciplinarian who commands Mr. Astor's force, and no organization has been more admired than his.

Captain March is tall, thin, grave, with a long face made still longer by a Vandyke beard, and cold stern eyes. He appears to be an ideal soldier, who would not ope his lips by way of smile, though Nestor, etc. His men are muscular, and look as if they were born insensible to fatigue. Their share of Camp Merritt was kept immaculately clean, and the guns of the battery were polished till they shone. The ladies who went to gaze on it stood like the Peri at the Gate; no feminine bottine trod the sand on which the tents were pitched. It is said that Camp Merritt has been the cradle of more flirtations than San Francisco ever knew before; but Captain March's men took no part in them; they seem to have taken for their model the Knights of Malta, to whom a petticoat was an abomination.

(See page II.) JOHN BONNER.

FATE.

Fair as the summer azure
A timid violet blew
Close to the fort's embrasure
O'er which the hot shells flew.
'Neath battle-smoke and thunder
The fort was quickly stilled,
Its huge walls blown asunder,
Its brave defenders killed.
Still on the fortress battered,
Whose heroes lay entombed,
Beneath their banners tattered,
The peaceful violet bloomed.

R. K. MUNKSTRICK.

THE SANTIAGO CAMPAIGN

MUCH wonder has been expressed that the American invasion of Cuba began at Santiago, in the southeastern portion of the island, instead of at Havana, the capital. Could war be conducted according to the promptings of sentimentalists and newspaper strategists, the remains of a dozen of our warships and some thousands of our soldiers would now be in repose near Havana.

Soldiers, however, make war according to possibility of success, and Santiago, the second city of Cuba, offered most promises. Near by was the Cuban general Garcia, with about five thousand men and the promise of many more as soon as arms and ammunition could be supplied. Besides, in the harbor of Santiago lay Admiral Cervera's fleet, which had to be destroyed. Wherever on the coast of a hostile country the navy must of necessity operate, there is a good place for an army; so General Shafter was given command of about fifteen thousand men, all but three regiments being of the regular army, to go to Santiago, capture the city and, if necessary, assist the navy to capture Cervera's fleet.

Before General Shafter's command sailed, the War Department had arranged that the Cuban insurgents should assist and co-operate. Lieutenant A. S. Rowan of the Nineteenth Infantry made his way to General Garcia's camp with letters, instructions and promises from General Miles, and he discharged his duties so successfully that on his return he was appointed lieutenant-colonel of one of the regiments of United States Volunteers. Then Captain Dorst of the regular army took to General Garcia seventy-five hundred rifles and about a million cartridges. Previously Garcia's troops had been armed principally with machetes—good enough weapons for hand-to-hand work, but worthless on a skirmish line. Garcia, who had volunteered to obey any orders from Washington, was asked to drive in all of Santiago's outposts and to harass the Spanish lines of the city at all points. As there were fully twelve thousand Spanish troops, almost all of them regulars, at Santiago, Garcia assumed great responsibilities, which he discharged admirably; he even prevented re-enforcements reaching Santiago until almost the last days of the campaign.

Garcia enabled General Shafter to mask his purposes. The two generals, with Admiral Sampson, compelled the Spaniards to believe that the American troops were to be landed west of Santiago Harbor; the Cubans fought inquisitive Spaniards, while some American soldiers landed; meanwhile the mass of General Shafter's corps was put ashore about fifteen miles east of Santiago Harbor.

General Shafter's army, popularly reported to contain twenty-five thousand men, landed a scant fifteen thousand strong. No one on this side of Cuba seemed to understand why the several cavalry regiments carried no horses with them; now they know that in the vicinity of Santiago there is scarcely a bit of open ground big enough to hold a mounted troop. Almost the only animals carried by the transports were those of the baggage wagons and the artillery.

The disembarkation proper began Wednesday morning, June 22, at Balquiri, about fifteen miles east of Santiago. As a pier of one of the iron companies was there, most of the troops were landed easily and quickly. The enemy making no resistance, the entire army was landed without loss of a single man.

It was soon learned that marching would be the hardest work of the army; for the country was very rugged, the forests and undergrowth dense, while the roads indicated on maps of the locality were mere trails. Troops were soon put in motion toward Santiago, but their progress was slow, because of the obstacles already indicated. The troops reached Jurugua, about eight miles from Batiquiri, on the day of landing, but the enemy was not encountered until the 24th. On this date a small body of troops, consisting of detachments of the First regular cavalry, Second Massachusetts Infantry and Roosevelt's Rough Riders, all on foot, and under Brigadier-General Young, were fired upon while approaching Sevilla, about six miles from Santiago. More than forty men were killed and wounded, but the party continued to advance, and the Spanish retired. All the fighting occurred in thick grass and chapparal (bushes), through which the Americans could not see the enemy until they were upon them. After this experience General Garcia's Cubans were used as scouts and skirmishers and quickly proved their fitness for such duty.

On the 26th about half of the army reached Sevilla and were in sight of the Spanish colors in Santiago and on Morro Castle, at the mouth of the harbor, a few miles south of the city. The intervening country was fairly level, but at the south and north were ridges that had to be flanked or otherwise secured before Santiago could be seriously threatened. On all of these ridges, and on all other eminences that commanded the view of much ground, the enemy had erected blockhouses, many of which were supported by rifle pits and occasionally by a small piece of artillery. The Cuban scouts and spies reported that among the city's defenses were seven cordons of barbed wire; but this information had reached the United States months before, and the Shafter expedition carried many boxes of wire-cutters.

During the 26th the troops were pushed a mile or two beyond Sevilla, and, had the artillery come up, the Santiago lines might have been attacked in force, while skirmish lines cleared the ridges of the Spanish advance posts. But not one field-gun had reached the front, nor was there a single road in the vicinity wide enough for a gun-carriage; so the field-pieces as well as the siege guns and mortars had to wait until soldiers with axes and machetes could widen the footpaths into six-foot roads. There was similar difficulty in moving rations from the shore to the troops; most of the supplies were sent forward on mules, and this method was so slow that for a week the men at the front were on half-rations. Weakened by insufficient food and the intense heat of the thickets, many of the men threw away their blankets and extra clothing, and afterward suffered intensely from the cold that followed the heavy afternoon rains.

By nightfall of the 26th our troops were within three miles of the southeastern walls of the city, and had weakened the enemy by diverting the city's main water-supply from a reservoir outside the walls; but there still remained serious obstacles to overcome. One was the fortified village of San Juan, east of the city; another was El Caney, to the northeast, and still another was Aguadoreos, on the coast and three miles east of Morro Castle, at the mouth of the harbor. To surround Santiago it was necessary to take El Caney and San Juan. Had the ground been level or even clear, both places could have been taken by a dash of infantry. But the entire country is a series of valleys and steep hillsides.

On the 27th three regiments of volunteers from Camp Alger re-enforced the army. Two light batteries, of four guns each, reached the front; also two batteries of Gatling guns, which are practically revolvers that fire a hundred or more rifle-balls a minute. For two days our troops worked their way to the northward and toward the rear or westward of Santiago, with San Juan and El Caney still to be carried. General Shafter had determined to carry the city by siege, but after much urging he consented to attempt a quick assault, so on the morning of July 1 the Spanish force at El Caney was attacked. The battle was begun at daylight by a battery of regular artillery under Captain Capron—father of Captain Capron of the Rough Riders, the first officer killed in the advance on the 24th of June. Another battery—Grimes's—was posted a mile and a half from San Juan, and both fired a number of shots before the enemy replied; but when the latter opened with their own guns the artillery duel became extremely spirited. Each side was posted on a ridge, with a valley on its front. The Spaniards had plenty of infantry within supporting distance. Near Grimes's guns were the Rough Riders (First U.S. Volunteer Cavalry) and the Tenth Regular Cavalry (colored), but neither command had horses; near El Caney was a large detachment of Lawton's division. Soon after our batteries opened, the enemy was seen retreating from El Caney to Santiago; so General Garcia, with a thousand Cubans, hurried forward to cut them off, and actually reached there so quickly and attacked so well that the Spaniards hurried back to El Caney.

After an hour of artillery dueling the Spanish fire from San Juan weakened and ceased; instantly the Rough Riders and the dusky Tenth were ordered to charge and take the position. Down the slope of their own ridge they hurried, then across a valley little wider than a gulch, then up the ridge on which were the Spanish works. About this time the Spanish infantry took their innings. The bushes were full of them, and each had a Mauser rifle with smokeless ammunition. They could see without being seen; their whereabouts could be ascertained only by the sound of their rifles.

Soon the charging troops reached a cleared space near the enemy's works. Then the Spanish riflemen had to display themselves when they rose to fire. The assailants had been reduced to a few hundred men, whom the enemy supposed could be annihilated at short range. Unfortunately for the Spaniards, all the Rough Riders and the Tenth's troopers are crack shots, and the Spaniards fell dead by scores. The living ones were so astonished that they weakened and ran, only to be shot in the back from their own works, which the Americans had just captured. Our reserve on the ridge from which the gallant party had started was quick to note the signs of success, and their cheering reached the victors, more than three miles away.

Meanwhile, General Lawton had advanced Chaffee's brigade, consisting of the Seventh, Twelfth and Seventeenth (all regulars), toward El Caney. They had no artillery; the Spaniards had some that did great execution, and the troops who had run away an hour or two before now fought like demons as if to atone for their cowardice. Chaffee's troops reached the trenches, far in front of the fort, then other trenches, and finally the town itself; but even then the firing did not cease. The enemy fought from windows, doors, roofs and fences, and for a long time the position of the Spanish artillery could not be found; when it was discovered, however, it was quickly taken, and such of the enemy as remained alive and had not been captured hurried

While Chaffee's brigade was fighting on the northern front of El Caney a severe battle was being fought south of the town. The Sixth, Sixteenth and Twenty-fourth Infantry (all regulars),

and the Seventy-first New York, marching northward toward El Caney, were greatly annoyed by one of the omnipresent blockhouses and the battery therein. It was on a ridge at the left of the road, and they were ordered by General Kent (late colonel of the Sixteenth) to take it. The general's old regiment was sent forward as skirmishers, supported on the right and left, respectively, by the Seventy-first and the Sixth. The only clear and level half-mile of territory in that vicinity lay in the line of march, and as the men hurried across it they were dropped by twos and threes and dozens by shrapnel from the Spanish artillery and bullets from the Mauser rifles. Not until our men were across this valley of death and half-way up the hill were they able to see the enemy, but as soon as they had anything at which to aim the mortality list began on the other side, and when finally the Spanish trenches were reached they were found to be full of dead men. These were lifted out, so that our men might have such protection as the trenches afforded, for the fight was barely "on"; it continued for hours. Spanish infantry does not retire without orders, for the good and sufficient reason that the file-closers promptly shoot any man who attempts to run.

The story of the fighting about one blockhouse is very like that of another, and there were not less than twenty of these structures, with their outworks, in sight of our army on July 1. Each required a separate and particular assault. One of them was carried by the Ninth Cavalry (colored) just as if it had been an Apache stronghold, the attacking party advancing slowly, taking advantage of every tree and rock, and shooting only when aim could be sure.

The greatest and deadliest fight was that which ended the capture of the enemy's last works near San Juan—they were not in the town, which had already been taken. The works contained more and heavier artillery than had yet been encountered at any one point, and of course they were on the crest of a ridge. As we had no artillery with which to reduce it, the position had to be carried by a charge. The Third and Sixth Cavalry (on foot), and Thirteenth and Sixteenth Infantry (all regulars) were led up the hill, which was very steep, by General Hawkins, late colonel of the Twentieth Infantry, and were followed by a line equally strong. This was the greatest charge of the day and also the most important, as the position was stronger than any other. The charge succeeded—San Juan was ours—and our lines could be extended to the bay, northwest of Santiago; so the city was practically surrounded at all points, except the harbor, at which the garrison could hope to escape, and any hope of escape by the harbor was soon afterward crushed by the departure and destruction of Cervera's fleet. While the fighting already described was going on, a small body of troops and a large portion of the fleet were operating against the Morro and everything that lay between it and Aguadoreos when arm could be sure.

Our army operations about San Juan were greatly aided by observations made from a balloon by Lieutenant Maxfield, of the Signal Corps.

The day's success had been bought at a frightful price, for the dead and wounded numbered nearly a thousand. It was noted on the field that the proportion of deaths to wounds was remarkably small; but the death-roll was afterward increased by the Spanish fire at the wounded in stretchers and wagons, at Red Cross parties and at surgeons—all of whom were non-combatants of classes that are respected by all civilized nations.

On Saturday (July 2) the enemy attempted, at dawn, to regain possession of San Juan. They assaulted in force, but some Hotchkiss guns had been brought up during the night, and under fire of these the enemy fell by scores. This fight had scarcely begun when the entire fleet opened upon the harbor forts, and on the 3d inst. occurred the destruction of Cervera's fleet and General Shafter's demand for the surrender of Santiago.

CERVERA'S DEFEAT

ADMIRAL CERVERA'S Cape Verde Squadron was wholly destroyed in the attempt to escape from Santiago Harbor on July 3. The admiral, all the commanding officers except Don Juan de Lazaga, captain of the "Almirante Oquendo," who shot himself to avoid capture, seventy other officers and sixteen hundred enlisted men were taken prisoners. The Spanish casualties were three hundred and fifty killed and drowned and one hundred and sixty wounded. Their ships lost were: The "Cristobal Colon," the "Vizcaya," the "Infanta Maria Teresa," the "Almirante Oquendo," and the torpedo-boat destroyers the "Pluton" and the "Furor."

"Furor."

On the American side there was but one man killed—Chief Yeoman George H. Ellis of the "Brooklyn"—and two men wounded. No considerable injury was done to our ships.

The Spanish admiral was ordered from Madrid to leave Santiago for Havana; he lingered until he supposed the blockade was weakest. He saw the cruiser "New Orleans" leave and took her for the "Oregon," whose speed he feared. The "New York" was down the coast, all the torpedo catchers and yachts except the "Gloucester," formerly J. Pierpont Morgan's "Corsair," were with the transports to the eastward. Only the "Oregon," the "Iowa," the "Brooklyn," the "Massachusetts" and the "Texas" were near enough the

entrance to engage the Spanish ships if he made a dash to the westward. He transferred his flag to the slower cruiser "Infanta Maria Teresa," preferring to stand by the squadron that the swifter "Cristobal Colon" might escape if fate favored.

At 9.30 A.M., Sunday, July 3, the question whether Hobson had blocked the channel permanently was settled in the negative by the four Spanish war-vessels dashing out in single file, followed closely by the two torpedo-boat destroyers. At sight of the clouds of smoke rising between the Morro and La Scape the electric gongs called all hands of Commodore Schley's squadron to general quarters and the signals broke out: "The enemy is trying to escape." The "Brooklyn," "Iowa" and "Oregon" at once headed for the harbor entrance two miles and a half away; the others got up as rapidly as possible.

The Spanish flagship "Maria Teresa" opened with a shot from her 11-inch Hontoria, which deluged the deck of the "Indiana" with water. So rapidly were the guns fired on Cervera's flagship that in ten minutes they became too hot to handle. The Spaniards bore away to the westward, the "Colon" working into the lead, while the Americans chased with shot and shell as well as steam.

The little "Gloucester," with no heavier battery than 6-pounders, attacked the armored cruisers as if she were in their class, and was herself a target for the guns of the Morro, but her commander, Lieutenant-Commander Wainwright, selected the torpedo-boat destroyers "Pluton" and "Furor," which came out last, as his particular antagonists. He fired fourteen hundred shots at them, and they were soon in distress. The "Furor" endeavored to put back into the harbor, but so fierce became the fire that she turned again to the westward. Just then a 6-pound shot from the "Texas," fired by Ensign Gise, struck her squarely in the boiler; there was a puff of smoke, and her crew, finding it impossible to run her ashore, took to their boats. The "Gloucester" finished the "Pluton" in similar fashion.

The "Brooklyn" had laid her course parallel with the Spaniards', and the "Texas" headed more inshore, so that she got into good fighting range with the "Maria Teresa." It became too hot on the bridge for Captain Philip and his executive officer, so the party moved to the conning tower just in time to escape a shell which exploded on the bridge. Another shell soon after burst in the smokestack. The shots of the

"Texas" went home, and in a few minutes the "Maria Teresa" was on fire. So fierce was the blaze that she turned and ran for the shore. A sailor swam through the surf and made a line fast to a tree. The "Gloucester," which had all her boats out picking up the survivors of the "Pluton," came up, and by means of this line took aboard Admiral Cervera, who burst into tears as he surrendered to Lieutenant-Commander Wainwright (late of the "Maine").

Almost immediately afterward the "Vizcaya" turned inshore to keep from sinking, the "Iowa" and "Indiana" keeping up a fierce fire upon her until her commander, Captain Eulate, hauled down his colors and flew the white flag. The "Iowa" gave assistance to the wounded men and received the transfer of the prisoners.

Meantime the "Brooklyn" and "Oregon" were pushing hard after the "Colon" and the "Almirante Oquendo." All were making such speed as they never did except upon their trial trips. But the marksmanship of our sailors was fatal to any long-continued run, and within an hour and twenty minutes the "Almirante Oquendo" suddenly headed inshore, the "Brooklyn" and "Oregon" abreast of her and the "Texas" astern. The "Brooklyn" and the "Oregon" hurried on after the fleeing "Colon," leaving the "Texas" to give the finishing blows to the dying "Oquendo." The ship was all aflame and sending up a vast pillar of smoke. A fearful explosion shook the air. Then her red-and-yellow ensign fluttered down like a wounded bird. The men aboard the "Texas" raised a cheer.

"Don't!" shouted Captain Philip. "The poor devils are dying."

The "Texas" left her quarry to follow in the wake of the flight of the "Colon." It would never do to let one of the enemy's squadron escape.

Tarquina Point juts out into the Caribbean some fifty miles from Santiago. The "Brooklyn" stood well out to sea to head off the fugitive, the "Oregon" kept within a mile of her. Behind was the "Texas." Little by little the "Brooklyn" drew ahead until it was seen that the "Colon" was cornered. The "Oregon" was abreast. It was useless to flee further. There was to be no slipping into the harbor of Havana, no more fighting. The game was up. The "Colon" turned and headed for the land.

But if there was any hope in the hearts of the Americans that this splendid vessel was to fly the Star-Spangled Banner the Spaniards determined to disappoint them. All the sea-valves were

opened and the caps thrown overboard. All the ports were opened and the dead-lights smashed. They even threw the breech-blocks of the guns away. Then, as the ship beached on a sandy shore, bows on, the colors came down and the far-famed Cape Verde squadron ceased to be.

Only one 13-inch shell and one 8-inch shell had struck the "Cristobal Colon," so that she might have been patched up for use. The rising tide swung her off, and the "New York" bearing Admiral Sampson, who came to look at his quarry, pushed her back on the sandy beach. But the water had already risen to her gun-deck, and at eleven o'clock with a gasp she lurched and sank in four fathoms of water, with the guns of her port battery pointing at the harmless stars.

Along the beach the other ships were mere confused tangles of broken ironmongery torn into as fantastic forms as if they had cooled from splashes of metal. No ingenuity could save any part of them.

The American vessels sent out crews to pick up and make prisoners of the Spaniards who had swum ashore. These were glad to make their surrender, fearing worse things from the Cubans in the bush. In their losing fight they had been driven again and again to the guns which they deserted when the precision of the Americans made their work unendurable. To rouse in them the fury of warriors the officers got them drunk with wines and liquors from the wardroom stock. This may account for their failure to inflict any serious injury upon the American vessels.

Commodore Schley and Captain Cook, as they returned in the "Brooklyn's" gig from receiving the surrender of the commander of the "Cristobal Colon," called out in high glee to Captain Philip of the "Texas": "Nice fight, wasn't it, Jack?"

But Captain Philip was not disposed to ignore a deeper and more serious way of looking at this almost bloodless victory. After the men lined up on deck had given three cheers for their commander-in-chief, the bluff old "sea bishop," as the sailors love to call him, called all hands aft to the quarter-deck, and, baring his head, said:

"I want to make public acknowledgment here that I believe in God the Father Almighty. I want all you officers and men to lift your hats and from your hearts to offer silent thanks to the Almighty."

All uncovered, and a few moments of absolute hush followed, and then from breasts that could contain no longer rose three hearty cheers.

THE HUMOROUS SIDE OF THE WAR—VI. Drawn by PETER NEWELL



A NOTABLE TRIUMPH
THE SPANIARDS CELEBRATE THEIR VICTORY OVER SAMPSON, SPARING NO EXPENSE

SPANISH WAYS AT SAN-TIAGO

IT HAS already been stated in these columns that the iron ore of the Cuban province of Santiago ranks with the best in the world, and that the entire output has been mined by American companies for American foundries. One of the managers, for years, of these mining and shipping interests was Mr. D. T. Denton, of Duluth, Minn., some of whose comments on the country and its people were recently published by the New York "Sun." Mr. Denton says:

"The rainy season is on there now, but it is different from the rainy season of our Western country. It will shower every day a little and perhaps rain at night, and then clear up and be pleasant. The climate is splendid, and there is no place in all Florida that's so suitable for the occupation of troops as on these hills about Sevilla and Juragua. I never saw any country in the world where one can sleep at night so restfully as there. The nights are cool, with a breeze from the ocean. For a year there at Firmeza, the mining headquarters of the Juragua company, we took daily temperatures, and we never saw the thermometer above 84 nor below 52 Fahr. Santiago is a hot place—one of the hottest in the tropics—because it is surrounded by ranges of mountains and lies ten miles inland, with a bay in front of it.

"The Spaniards steal everything. At Santiago there is a little plaza, about a block square, and it is all laid out in walks and trees, is set round with settees, and has a fountain in each corner. One year while we were there the government had appropriated fifty thousand dollars for the improvement of this plaza, and all that was done was to fill up some little holes in the walks with crushed stone, and that work was all done by the convicts at no cost. Every cent of the money went into the pockets of the officials. Every man has to pay a four-cent tax on the meat he eats, for the government puts that tax on all dealers. The officials get all that, everybody says. There was an import duty of four cents a pound on flour when we were there, though no flour is ground in the island. The government used to send out arsenal supplies, powder, etc., and it frequently happened that we used government powder, steel, and other supplies, for which we had to pay the officials. Our supplies were in the arsenal, and they shipped us what we needed impartially from our

own stores or from those of the Spanish government, but they made us pay well for the privilege of using stolen goods. We were not able to complain. If we had, there would have been action that would have ruined our business.

"I recollect one time when a man was killed on the tracks of the Juragua road by some accident not connected with the operation of the railroad. His body lay partly on the rails. The deputy coroner refused to let the company move the man and sent up to Santiago for the coroner and his staff, and the road was blockaded till that official arrived and made an inquiry. By the time they were through there were seventeen trains waiting on either side of the body, and operations at the mines, on the road, and at the docks, where an ocean ship was loading, were all brought to an absolute silence. When we first went there we had assurances from S. P. Ely of Cleveland, who was at the head of the enterprise, that every possible contingency had been looked out for, that the government had agreed to permit the import and export of all articles intended for the mines without duty, and that our operations would be unimpeded. The government had assured him of this. We went to work, and had stripped off the dirt from the little mountain on the side of Baiquiri Harbor, with the intention of tumbling down the rocks by blasting to make a breakwater for our ships and dock. We were all ready to begin blasting and were

all that sort of thing. The commander reached over, signed his name to a dissolution of the injunction and told us that we could do anything we wanted. It was by this sort of delays and official acts that we might have been materially delayed or stopped entirely if we had not conformed to the custom of the country in the matter of theft and bribery.

"For a long time we supposed the Spanish soldiers at Santiago were well-drilled troops and were a good body of men. But we found that, instead of being at the barracks or drilling, they were driven out to the mines of the Juragua company, where the company built a lot of big barracks for their accommodation, and that there they worked right along in the mines. They were paid eighty cents a day by the mining company, and the officers took half of this, leaving the rest for the soldiers. At this time the regular pay of the soldiers was taken and pocketed by the officers. That's the sort of discipline they had, and the manner of regulating the financial part of the Cuban enterprise. What kind of fight would such soldiers put up against American troops? Eighty cents a day was all the mining companies paid for any of their labor, and at that price it was high, for one man would do about a third as much as an American.

"They had a locomotive inspector at Santiago who was supposed to come out and overlook every engine and piece of

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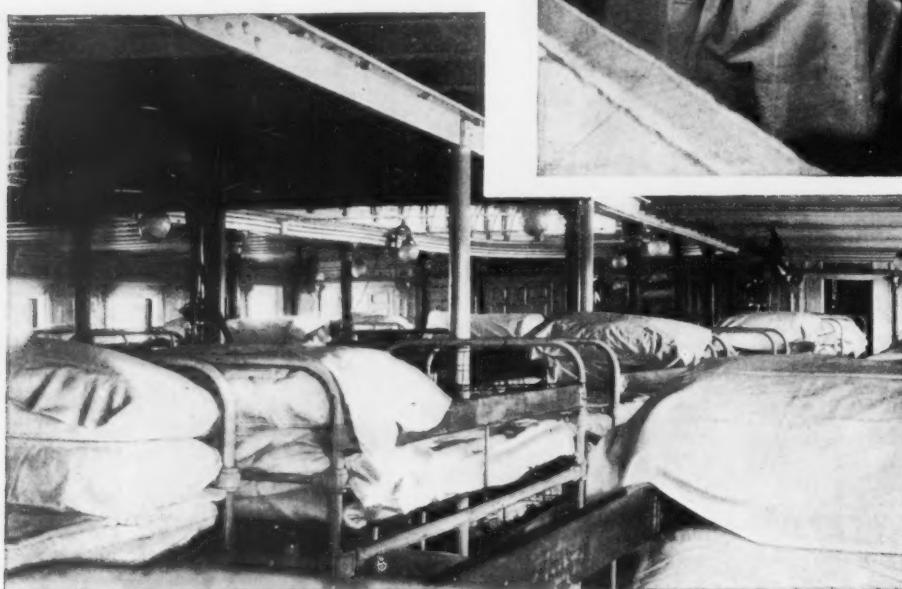
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GROUP OF NURSES



A WARD IN U. S. HOSPITAL SHIP "RELIEF"

A GREAT HOSPITAL SHIP

THE army hospital ship "Relief," which has been hurried to Santiago, is probably the best equipped vessel of its kind in the world. She is not only a floating hospital, but a comprehensive storehouse of all medical and surgical materials that may be needed by the army or the fleet. Her hospital wards, one of which is pictured above, contain about three hundred and fifty beds, but the vessel carries nearly fifteen hundred cots and mattresses that may be placed

on different decks, should emergency demand.

The "Relief's" special stores are sufficient to the needs of all of General Shafter's army, even should every officer and soldier become wounded or sick. The vessel's distilling apparatus can supply a gallon of water a day to fifteen hundred men—wounded soldiers are alwaysordinately thirsty—and all the water will be cold, for the "Relief's" ice-making machine has a capacity of two tons per day. The duty of the government ended when the "Relief" was stocked with everything necessary to the healing of

the sick and wounded and supplied with a great staff of surgeons and nurses. But certain thoughtful persons not in the service recalled days in which they themselves had been ill and when occasional luxuries did much to promote recovery. The government—that is, Congress—never appropriates money for luxuries, except for its own members, yet there is on the "Relief" many hundred packages of dainties of all kinds—cordials, jellies, preserves and fruits, rare teas, and even fine cigars and wines, for such of the patients as may need them. The source of all these is known only to the givers.

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machinery we put in. His fees were twenty dollars a day, and he was sure to make a special trip for every machine. He would come down, stay to dinner, which was made especially fine for him, drink all the afternoon, and go back the following day, having collected his forty dollars, and not having seen the machine he had come to inspect. That was the regulation way of all officials. At one time the local officials of the province ordered us to widen the cuts of the railway from the river to Santiago, where it was very narrow and steep. It would have been an expensive undertaking and the company was not prepared to carry it out if a dinner would do as well. So we sent to Ferrara and he said, "Send for the Governor-General at Havana." That was before Weyler's time. We went around to Havana, about nine hundred miles, and asked the Governor-General to come down. He came. We learned that he was accompanied by thirty-two members of his official staff. We had a lot of big tents with flies, and these we spread, making a large pavilion, cool and comfortable. Then we went to Santiago for the best caterer in eastern Cuba. In the meantime we sent our little narrow-gauge special passenger car, the only one we had, to the end of the line to meet the party, and stationed thirty-two saddle-horses at the point where the officials were to leave the train. They made quite a cavalcade. That dinner cost Mr. Eli four hundred and fifty dollars, but it did the business. It would have cost one hundred and fifty thousand dollars to have widened that cut. The Governor-General went back to Santiago in a condition of total inebriety, but he had agreed to all we asked before he went. From Santiago he went immediately to Havana.

The first ship that brought powder to us was seized at the entrance to the bay of Santiago and the powder stored in the arsenal, while the ship was fined one hundred dollars. We got the powder after we had made the proper moves, but the one hundred dollars, never.

"They do business in a pretty slow way," said one of the former managers of the Cuban enterprise. "There are eight pockets in the dock of the Spanish-American company and a few more in that at Vera Cruz. The latter has a storage dock back in the mountains and they tram the ore by man power into the storage dock from the cars—little cars that carry about six or seven tons, instead of thirty-five or forty as here—drop it out of the storage dock and tram it again by hand to the shipping dock when a vessel comes in. They are in luck if they can load a ship in three or four days, and it usually takes several times as long. At the Duluth docks we load a three-thousand ton ship in from forty-eight minutes to an hour. Single docks here have as high as two hundred pock-ets, and the Duluth and Iron Range road has five such docks. If the country was under American control or was free in the hands of the Cubans there would be opportunity to do business in a business way, but the thefts and officialdom of the Spaniards kill everything."

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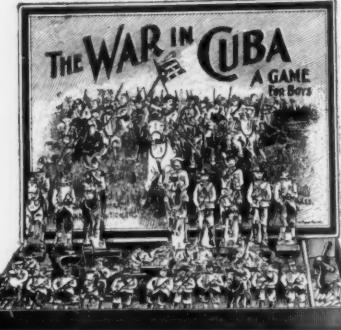
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